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SPORTS

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COVER: AL WIGGINS, CHAMPION SWIMMER
Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

Associated press in page 16

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No spectator at the NCAA swimming meet at New Haven will get as clear a view of the underwater, open-water version of the breaststroke as the photographs of Al Wiggins on pages 50 and 55 provide. For this unusual study, SI's Color Photo team donned tanks and air lung and submerged in the Ohio State pool. Then, as Wiggins glided overhead, Photo caught the OSU ace in four key phases.

An SI Special

THE FACE OF BOXING, COAST TO COAST

- 12 In Los Angeles, after nine months of investigation, Promoter Bebe McCoy stands accused of fixing seven fights. JAMES MURRAY tells the inside tale
- 18 In New York, Heavyweight Bill Dely breaks his silence and tells ROBERT H. BOYLE his side of the International Boxing Guild's troubles in a revealing CONVERSATION PRICE

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Green rollers, flying away and their challenge to the islander and the visitor are shown here in four pages of exciting action IN COLOR

21 WAVE RIDING IS SPREADING OUT

Australia, Peru and California—as well as Hawaii—draw the surf sportsman now, reports COLIN FAIRBairn

25 APRIL . . . GOLF . . . AND NOW THE MASTERS

A salute to the season by HERBERT WARREN WIND, who points out that requirements for a Masters degree at Atlanta are remarkably stiffer than those of the civitas

32 LEADFOOT AND LIGHTFOOT

These were the heroes of Iceland's 10-hour endurance race: Joan Manuel Fozzys, the world's Grand Prix champion, and Bub Sweetest of Italy's backdrop. By COLIN FAIRBairn

48 THE CRISIS OF AFRICAN GAME

In the world's last great hunting ground in danger of extinction? HOWARD MAYER reports and ARTHUR BLAY pictures a luxurious safari IN COLOR

60 OHIO'S SUBMARINE SPRINTER

Al Wiggins, fastest all-round swimmer in the U.S., is caught by an underwater camera in a race's version of the breaststroke

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NEXT WEEK: SI PRESENTS A SPECIAL BASEBALL ISSUE

PREVIEW OF THE SEASON AND 16-PAGE SCOUTING REPORT

CONVERSATION PIECE: SUBJECT: YOGI AND CAMPY

THE LOOK OF THE GAME: UNIFORMS AND BALL PARKS

THE MANAGERS, OLD AND NEW, IN CARICATURE AND TEXT

PLUS: DRAWINGS BY ROBERT RIGER AND COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS



SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Bill Talbert, who brought U.S. Davis Cup victory over Australia in 1954, was named captain by USLTA, admitted "the odds are great but not insurmountable" as he made plans to work with 12-man squad (see below).



Marlene Stewart, part-time Canadian amateur golf champion who attends Rollins College, parlayed fine iron play into 1-up victory over Wanda Sanchez, former softball pitcher, to win North and South amateur title at Pinehurst, N.C.

RECORD BREAKERS

Jiro Nagasawa, 24-year-old Yale graduate student who aspires to be a sports writer in his native Tokyo, continued assault on world 220-yard butterfly record, lowered mark for second time in nine days in meet at New York (March 21). Nagasawa's times: 2:29.1, 2:10 second better than his previous effort.

Carin Case, pretty 15-year-old youngster from Ridgewood, N.J., hustled through 124-yard backstroke in 1:47.5 to set new U.S. short-course standard in same meet (March 21).

AUTO RACING

Argentina's crafty "old man" of the tracks, **Jaime Manóvil Fungis**, teamed up with Italy's Eugenio Castellotti to fight bitter duel with England's Mike Hawthorn (piloted by Desmond Titterton) until brakes on Hawthorn's D-Jaguar gave way, then had easy time piloting red Ferrari to record-breaking victory in 12-hour Grand Prix grid at Sebring, Fla. Fungis averaged 84,066 mph, covered 1,898.8 miles, finished two laps ahead of another Ferrari piloted by Luigi Musso and Harry Schell (see page 22).

BOXING

Ralph (Tiger) Jones, plodding middleweight spoiler, stalked and outpunched European Champion Charley Burton in early rounds, piled up enough points to win close 16-round decision in Freshman's U.S. pro debut in New York.

Raul (Haten) Martin, Mexico's bustling

NBA world bantamweight champion, hampered away at Lee Espinosa with damaging left hooks, put challenger away in 10th round at Mexico City.

East champions, representing New York, split first four bouts with West team from Chicago, went on to take next four and 6-2 victory in Inter-City Golden Gloves competition in New York.

Freak revelations of boxing's dirty business came in Los Angeles where ex-Brooks Tommy Campbell and George Handford and ex-Manager Eddie Stanley told Governor Gandy Knight's investigating committee that Babe McCoy, 300-pound Olympic Auditorium match-maker with police record and longtime monopolist of West Coast boxing, had instructed them to throw fights in 1940s and 1949 (see page 22).

HORSE RACING

Needles, rugged homestead stretch runner owned by Jackson Dudley and Bunkle Heath, staged another of his dramatic finishes, charged up on outside to take \$141,400 Florida Derby by nearly length in track record time of 1:45.3 for mile-and-eightieth at Gulfstream Park, Fla. Victory bolstered Needles' position as favorite for Kentucky Derby.

TENNIS

USLTA, making early effort to rebuild Trahlerless Davis Cup team, gave Captain Bill Talbert 12-man preliminary squad composed of Veterans Vic Seixas, Art Larsen,

Gil Shea, Hans Richardson, Herb Flam and seven promising youngsters: Sam Gianinella, 21; J. Allen Morris, 22; Whitney Reed, 22; Barry MacKay, 19; Art Andrews, 18; Ron Holmberg, 18; Earl Baumgardner, 18.

TRACK AND FIELD

Harrison Dillard, 22-year-old veteran, showed there is still life in his weary old legs, slipped over 60-yard high hurdles in 8:37.3 to set own world indoor record in Chicago Daily News Relays. With fast-talking Wes Searow grounded by team decision which ended his injunction against AAU suspension, **Baskies' Mile** took on normal look, went to Iowa's Ted Wheeler, who barely held off challenging Phil Coleman to win in fine time of 4:07.5.

ROWING

Cambridge, putting its weight advantage (eight pounds a man) to good use, moved into lead at start, maintained powerful beat against lighter but guile Oxford crew to win traditional race by length and quarter as some 200,000 spectators lined banks of calm River Thames and millions more watched event on television.

BASKETBALL

San Francisco, to surprise of no one, and **Los Angeles**, to surprise of some, emerged as nation's top college teams at conclusion of NCAA and NIT tournaments. **Drexel**, with All-America Bill Russell scoring 24 points and playing goal tender, swept past Iowa's

FOCUS ON THE DEED



ROYALTY AND NOTABLES, from Queen Elizabeth and the Queen Mother (left) to Soviet's Georgy Malenkov (right), leading



Missouri (center), turned out to watch Grand National. Queen Mother's horse (center, second) lost heartbreaker to E.B.H. (see page 16).



Joe Alston, chunky FBI agent and U.S. singles champion who dances on toes like boxer because "short legs have to move faster," beat Indonesia's Ferry Sonneville to win invitation badminton tournament at Glasgow.



Big Ten champions IU-UI for 55th straight victory and NCAA title at Evanston, Ill. while Louisville, played to standstill by Dayton in first half, despite Charlie Tyra's hook shots, perked up in next 20 minutes to run away from Flyers 82-69 for NIT crown in New York (see page 12).

Guard George Snyers' last-second basket gave Seattle's Barban Baker 18-17 triumph over favored Phillips 66ers and national AAU championship at Denver.

NBA playoffs continued with Syracuse, who eliminated Boston, splitting first two games with Philadelphia in East, while St. Louis took 2 to 1 lead in West series with Fort Wayne after Pistons disposed of Minneapolis.

HIGHKEY

Montreal and Detroit were each within one victory of reaching Stanley Cup final at week's end. Fast-skating Canadians poured it on to win three of first four games from New York Rangers; Red Wings swept three straight from Toronto.

LACROSSE

Maryland, last year's college champion, got things off to good start, outscoring 1985 Open titlist Mount Washington 12-11 in final clincher at Baltimore.

MILEPOST

SHO—**Lee Moore**, 52, former race driver, official, owner or builder of five Indianapolis-winning cars; of cerebral hemorrhage, at Atlanta.

FOR THE RECORD

AMERICAN LEAGUE (Seasplit Count Results)				
1. DET.	21-1, 5-1	2-1, 3-0	N. City	Baltim.
2. MIN.	11-1, 1-1	3-0, 3-0	9-0, 9-0	4-2, 5-0
3. PIT.	1-0			
4. CHIC.	1-0			
5. C. City	6-0	6-0	6-0	Phila. 6-0
6. S. L.	1-0, 1-0			4-2, 0-2
7. PHI.	3-0			
8. CHIC.	CHIC.	6-0	N. Y.	N. Y.
9. ST. L.	1-0, 5-0, 7-0	11-0, 6-0	3-0, 9-0	
10. PIT.	3-0		4-0	
11. CHIC.	CHIC.	6-0	6-0	Wash.
12. W. L.	7-1, 11-1	7-0	5-0, 6-0	4-0, 13-0
13. PIT.	3-0			
14. ST. L.	Wash.	CHIC.	6-0	1-1, 1-0
15. ST. L.	6-0	6-0	2-0	3-0, 1-0
16. PIT.	4-0			
17. W. L.	1-0	1-0	3-0	3-0, 3-0
18. PHI.	3-0			
19. ST. L.	6-0	6-0	6-0	6-0, 3-0
20. ST. L.	6-0, 5-0	4-0, 6-0	10-0, 3-0	
21. PIT.	3-0			
22. ST. L.	Baltim.	Phila.	CHIC.	Wash.
23. W. L.	10-0, 11-0, 5-0, 3-0	10-0	2-0	

[illegible]

BASSETT
U.S. AIR FORCE, 4th Service Group, 4th
Squadron, 4th

BONING
HERBIE CARTER, 10-round decision over Bob Lathford, Heavyweights, Miami Beach.
VINCE ARON, 10-round decision over Hector Guzman, welterweights, St. Louis.

ALISTAIR B. MARTIN, Ohio West, I.I., and NORTH-
ROP ANGE, Buffalo, N.Y., over William Linsdalen
and Frank Joubert, I.I., 6-2, 6-2, 6-3, contact: dis-
cuss later, Philadelphia.

GOLF

HOCKEY
PORTAGE LAKE PIONEERS, 1991 Betsy Award.

WIRE RACING
 1st JUNE. \$15,000 Bowls Handicap, 1 1/16 m., by
 12. JUNE. 12.45. Bowls, 1st. From 12.45. 12.45.

NEHA TOURNAMENTS

CALABOKA N E W, wedding site, with 10 gts.
Dufferin, Calif.

FILLINGBY Gymnasium site, with 1234 gts. Chapel
and N.C.: Spring site with 10 gts. Annapolis,
Maryland. (Lynn, Calif., 1964)

SEUNG
Charmaine Cup, Sun Valley, Idaho
CHRISTIAN PRINCE, Sun Valley, men's downhill,
slalom and combined winner.

FOOTNOTES

DECADE 21968000, vol. LA. Games, 2-1, 444
Reprints.



JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX



The Question:

Is Maurice (Rocket) Richard really the greatest hockey player of all time?

GARY GILBERT



*Montreal
Editorial Director
Weekend Magazine*

"No, Jean Beliveau is the greatest I've ever seen. He is bigger and he has everything. Furthermore, he is a student of hockey and all its fine points. Everyone acknowledges Richard as a greater scorer, but Jean controls his play better and he is a greater all-around player."

JACK ADAMS



*Detroit
General manager
Detroit Red Wings*

"Definitely not. He is colorful and undoubtedly one of hockey's greatest scorers. But to term him the greatest as against Gordie Howe, Eddie Shore and Howie Moren is to overlook defense and passing skills and team spirit. The ability to score is most important, but it isn't all important."

CONN SMYTHE



*Toronto
Owner
Toronto Hockey Club*

"Yes. For color and robust hockey he compares with Reardon, Shaw and Horner. For speed and spectacular plays, he is like Moren and Apps. For scoring plays, he has a little on Nels Stewart and Bill Cook. You might say that only a two-way player like Ted Kennedy was greater."

FRANK BOUCHER



*Brantford, Man.
General manager
Brantford Rebels*

"He ranks with the greatest in hockey. As a scorer, from the blue line to the net, he is in a class by himself. As a popular player he's also on a par with the late Howie Moren. However, I nominate Bill Cook, my old teammate, as the greatest all-around player of all time."

JIM WIPOND



*Toronto
Sports editor
Toronto Globe & Mail*

"The Rocket is a great, colorful player, but isn't the greatest. I rate the incomparable Howie Moren ahead of Richard, and Gordie Howe of Detroit is a better two-way player. The Rocket is more sparkling than Howe, but Gordie is as good around the goal and better defensively."

GENERAL JOHN NEED KILPATRICK



*New York
President
Met. Sq. Garden*

"Yes, Richard has established great records over a long period of time and still stands in the front rank of hockey. None of the old-timers could touch him. Gordie Howe and the Rocket's teammate, Beliveau, are the only active players who can be compared to him."

LESTER GANTON



*New York
Vice-president
Crosby & Papezold*

"The Rocket is unquestionably the greatest goal-getter. That's what they pay off on. You might call him the Babe Ruth of hockey. Like Babe, he is controversial, colorful and the greatest crowd-pleaser of all time. Also, like the Babe in baseball, the Rocket has made the greatest impact on hockey."

PHILIP SCHREIBER



*Detroit
Attorney*

"No, but he is the greatest scorer of all time. Sure, goals win games. That's why some fans call him the greatest of all time. I think Gordie Howe of the Detroit Red Wings is greater than Richard. He is the reason why the Red Wings have dominated the National Hockey League for years."

MUZZ PATRICK



*New York
General manager
New York Rangers*

"When you think of Bill Cook, formerly of the Rangers, Gordie Howe of the Red Wings and Jean Beliveau, it's hard to say one is the greatest. But the Rocket is awfully close to it. No one will argue with me when I say he is the most entertaining, exciting and explosive player of all time."

MILY BUNNELL



*Toronto
Sports editor
Toronto Star*

"Any comparison of athletes, past and present is difficult, due to changing conditions. However, no hockey addict can argue that the game is now played at a faster tempo than ever before. In assessing Richard the Rocket, I have to be guided by what I saw in ice, what I see in the record books and what I have seen in the past. The Rocket has scored more goals than any player in the history of the game. He has scored more goals in one season. He holds the record for the playoffs. Richard has been in big league hockey since 1942 and has played equally well with various line combinations. Until someone else does as many things, over as great a span, I would have to call Richard the greatest."

CLARENCE CAMPBELL



*Montreal
President
Nat'l. Hockey League*

"It may be unreasonable to select one player and declare him to be 'the greatest player of all time,' and I am not one of those few who have seen all the greats. But no other man has staked such a claim to that rating as Richard. I've never had as many thrills watching any other player."

TED SAGGIER



*New York
Politician*

"No. I think I know hockey and the stars who have played it throughout the years. I was the first lounger for hockey at Madison Square Garden, before the Rangers. I've seen all the great stars. I think the greatest of them all, the one with the greatest potential, is Jean Beliveau of the Canadiens."

NEXT WEEK:

Who is the ballplayer on your team to watch this year?
(Asked of the major league team broadcasters.)



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TIP FROM THE TOP



especially for
over-50 golfers

from **ED DUDLEY**, Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga.

As paradoxical as it may sound, relaxed, well-played golf is a "pressure game!" Pressure, as properly applied by the fingers as they grip the club shaft, is in my opinion one of the fundamental factors underlying good golf. In fact, the position of the hands on the club is the principal key to control, and only through control can a golfer rise above the dub stage.

How much pressure? How applied? Well, the pressure should be that amount that provides a "feel" of the club without producing tenseness. It should be applied by the last three fingers of the left hand. Or to put it another way, the hands are not supposed to be limp on the club but in a position where they feel ready to do their work: to act as the swivel of the swing, to control the takeaway as the club starts on its backswing, to start the downmove on the downswing.

The proper grip—meaning that the pressure of the fingers is right as well as the position they occupy on the shaft—permits the all-important cocking of the wrists at the top of the swing, eliminating tenseness in the wrists and forearms. It also tends to produce a straight but not unnaturally stiff left arm. It is worth your while to get this grip fundamental right, for it is the foundation on which all the other actions are built.



The correct movements on the backswing and the downswing can be executed only if the hands are properly on the club

NEXT WEEK'S PRO: SHELLEY MAYFIELD ON THE RIGHT SIDE



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Dr. Evans of
Lundinville



high, long socks, underbust, and tailored longer on back to keep them in place. Shaves off front to avoid bulkiness. Long wearing, snug, comfortable.

[illegible]

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Choice of the Champions

MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



DURING April and May many of you may notice in the windows of your favorite department stores enlarged reproductions of some of the people and places you have already seen in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*—divers at Acapulco, boaters at Rio, the tennis courts of Wimbledon and Forest Hills, the golf courses of Pebble Beach and Augusta; Scotland and its Braemar Games, Bermuda and its water sports.

They are from the many various and wonderful worlds *SI* has touched—settings against which more than 100 leading department stores across the country will feature their latest travel and sports fashions and equipment.

One famous store displaying these scenes is The Higbee Co. in Cleveland, whose president, John Murphy, has summed up the reason his store is happy to have them.

"The pages of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*," he said, "are a colorful reflection of the natural alliance between sports and travel, for some time a growing factor in American life, and now a most important consideration in the present and future of retailing."

In the pages of this issue are some examples of this natural alliance at work, as *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s color cameras travel to far sides of the earth to record a safari in Africa and surfing in Hawaii. In the past two months *SI* has also been to Venice for ducks, Australia for sharks, India for tigers, Sindh for "ghosts," Venezuela for bulls, Peru for marlin and St. Petersburg for baseball players.

It makes, I think, for a pretty full globe-circling trip, with all continents present and accounted for in *THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORTS*.

Harry Phillips

Fashioned
so slenderly

NOTHING the modern woman is the darling of her dressmaker—and of her insurance company.

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

ST. ROCKY APPEARS IN SÃO ROQUE • ENGLAND STANDS WATCH ON
MAMMALS • THE SOCCER BUFFS OF ST. LOUIS • THE OLD PRO IN
OLD GREECE • BASKETBALL CHIC • OKLAHOMA DOES IT ONCE MORE

CHAMPION'S PATRON

IN THE COURSE of his Latin American tour, Rocky Marciano has been mobbed by howling idolaters in Caracas, treated to a calypso serenade in Port of Spain, and at São Paulo had a two-hour interview with a Cardinal, Carlo Carmilo de Vasconcelos Mota. The Cardinal, like all the rest of Latin America, was delighted.

No more delighted, though, than Rocky himself was on the road to Sorocaba, 60 miles out of São Paulo. The champion is a champion consumer of orange juice and other soft drinks. It is a long half hour when he does not pause to alkali his throat, and so, en route to Sorocaba, Rocky and his entourage stopped for the usual reason at a bistro they found in a small cotton-belt town.

The tavern owner recognized Marciano immediately and took a firm hold on the bar to steady himself. His eyes bugged out in awe as he came around the bar to hug the visitor. And, after some effusion of greetings, Rocky got his order in—orange juice. There were oranges but no squeezer. The tavern owner was not desolated. He squeezed the oranges by hand. As he did so, word spread through the town that Rocky Marciano, heavyweight champion of the world, had arrived. The church bells rang, summoning everyone, and soon 500 persons were crowded around the bar to admire the relaxed, easy movement of Rocky's Adam's apple as he downed the juice.

It was one of the greatest days the place had ever known.

Rocky prepared to leave, then had a gracious thought.

"By the way," he asked the owner, "what is the name of your town?"

"We call it São Roque," the man said. "In your language I guess it would be St. Rocky."

THE EAGER ENGLISH EYE

THERE IS approximately one field mouse for every human in Great Britain, and 80 other species of mammals besides; in the last two years they have found themselves subject to an invasion of privacy such as wild animals have probably not been forced to endure since the beginning of time. Harsh with an urge to gambol in the moonlight can never be sure that a man with night glasses is not spying them from some shaded copse, and even seals have been seized, wrestled to their backs, and uncerebrally tagged with an identifying label. England, in a word, now has mammal watchers—members of a society that is doing its best to make bird watching seem effete.

"We want to be as scientific as possible," explains Dr. Kenneth Backhouse of London, one of the society's leading spirits. "We want to keep out

the bleeding 'earts—you know, the dear old souls who want to watch the little furry creatures. The bleeding 'earts have nearly ruined bird watching, and with mammals they'd be fatal."

With this in mind, the society's rabbit and seal watchers, whale observers and bat ringers (who catch bats and put identifying bands on their forearms) sternly scooped on mammals all over England. The habits of weasels, seals, stoats, squirrels, polecats, rabbits, deer, rats, moles and voles were under scrutiny. It was rumored that hares seemed to be moving into rabbit holes—now that the rabbits have fallen prey to myxomatosis. One J.H.F. Stevenson reported that female foxes call their young with a "wuffling" sound—"Ug, ug, ug, ug," said very rapidly with the mouth shut. Dead badgers were in demand—for dissection. "Bleeding 'earts," said Dr. Backhouse

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Top honors in the Sebring sports car race went, not unexpectedly, to Argentina's Juan Manuel Fangio and Italy's Eugenio Castellani in a Ferrari. Almost of equal interest was the fine race driven by Bob Sweikert, Indianapolis "008" champion, making his debut in sports car racing. "Novice" Sweikert and his teammate finished third in a Jaguar.

The special Corvette driven by John Fitch gave Chevrolet a highly respectable preview at Sebring; Fitch finished sixth. At the same time Chevrolet doubtless learned some lessons in the mechanical difficulties, including a snapped axle, that afflicted another pair of Corvettes under the grueling race conditions.

Newsweek lifted the curtain slightly on pre-Melbourne plans. Said Mikhail Fedisik, vice-president of the Russian Olympic Committee: one million Russian athletes

are training with Melbourne in mind. The best 10,000 will be brought to Moscow for trials in August in a new stadium to hold 100,000 spectators. There a final team of 480 will be picked for the Games.

Seattle, temporarily bereft by loss of the Gold Cup (American Power Boat Association trophy) to Detroit, got a major consolation prize. The city was picked by the U.S. Inboard Racing Commission as the site of the 1984 National Hydro Championship race (which was held in Detroit last year). The race will be run on Lake Washington August 5.

School authorities in Iowa announced new track rules which will disqualify any high school runner who collapses after breaking the tape. Said an Iowa official: young athletes "must learn that winning a race is not the most important thing in their life if it endangers their health."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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proudly, "would never scrape a dead badger of a road."

The society's most massive problem? Whales, the doctor thought. "We know that hundreds of whales and dolphins and porpoises are washed up, stranded on beaches around Britain



every year. It's the duty of anyone seeing a stranded whale to report it to the Registrar of Wrecks. The Coastguards used to do it, but with radar, the number of Coastguards is going down. But there must be lots of people who would be interested enough to do it—if you could only publicize the fact that they should. That's the sort of thing we want to do."

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS

ST. LOUIS is to U.S. soccer as Philadelphia is to scrapple, so it was no surprise that the U.S. Olympic soccer trials were held there last week. The 15-man team—the first full U.S. squad in any sport to be chosen for the November Olympics—now faces the next question: How to get to Melbourne?

When it comes to doling out travel money, the U.S. Olympic Committee lists sports roughly in order of their "meas hane." Soccer is third from last on the list, outranking only cycling and field hockey. To help raise the \$15,000 expense kitty, the committee hopes to match the U.S. soccer team against visiting English, Scots and German amateur teams this spring and summer. The team will definitely go to Melbourne; however, a scheduled elimination match with Mexico was called off and the U.S. won by default when the Mexicans could not raise enough pesos for their own expenses.

In Australia the Americans will not have to strain very hard to better previous U.S. Olympic records. The U.S. has been represented by soccer teams at the Games since 1928 (16 years after soccer was added to the list of Olympic events). That year the Americans survived the first round, defeating an Estonian team, only to lose out to Uruguay 3-0. Since then the U.S. has never got beyond the first round, has scored a grand total of two points in 24 years.

Unsurprisingly, four members of the 15-man 1988 team are St. Louisans,

and so is the top-ranked alternate, John Traina (members of the selection committee admitted that they might have picked Traina for the first squad, but felt that one more man might give the team too much of a Missouri accent). Otherwise, the teammates are eminently representative of the whole country. Four players are New Yorkers, three are from Chicago, with Los Angeles, Calvercity Park, Pa., Syracuse and Cincinnati represented by one man each. Among the players are three soldiers, a barber, a mailman, a shipping clerk and a truck driver. The team's flashiest player, Inside Forward Zeno Stylyk, 22, is a naturalized American born in the Ukraine who is also a political science student at the University of Chicago. Next fall he plans to move to St. Louis, so he can play more soccer.

LESSON ON A GRECIAN URN

KARL ALEXANDER OF TENDS tossed off an idea about Olympic competition the other day, and it was enough to make the turf tremble on the playing fields of Harrow: Why bother about the distinction between amateurs and professionals any how? "Let everybody compete," cried Karl Alexander. "Then there can be no arguments afterward. After all, the world has changed considerably since the Olympic Games were revived in the 1890s by Baron Pierre de Coubertin of France. For one thing, there were few professional athletes of any description at that time."

Lord Alexander harled his Olympian thunderbolt in Montreal, while

revisiting the country he once served (1946-52 as King George VI's Governor General. He was the same Alexander who led the Allied forces to victory in the Mediterranean in World War II, who won his field marshal's baton in the liberation of Rome—and who set records for the mile and two miles at Sandhurst). As a lieutenant of the Irish Guards, Alexander won the Irish Amateur Mile in 1914 with a commendable time of 4:33. He grew up in the full bloom of gentlemanly amateurism in British sports, today heads the crusty Marylebone Cricket Club. Yet, in Montreal . . .

"People now have to work so hard to make a living," said his lordship, "that they are hard put to find the time and the energy for rigorous training. Expenses which they receive . . . help them out. Take the Russians. They aren't amateurs and they aren't professionals. They are actually civil servants."

Old Harrowian Alexander should have known that creeping civil servanism was a big reason for the decline and fall of the original Olympic Games. In the sixth century B.C. Solon started handing out 500 drachmas to any Athenian who came home from Olympia a winner. Soon leading athletes were drawing free meals and free front-row seats at public spectacles. The Sacred Games became perfumes, bribery became commonplace, and the cities of Greece bid competitively for the services of the Olympic heroes. By the fifth century, the top madmen of the day were worshipped as demigods.

For a long time the athletes lived it up handsomely in Hellas. Gradually they became an indolent class unto themselves, stylishly pensioned, supported and bribed by the state, and organized into syndes, or unions, to protect their privileges. Most Athenians were, of necessity, vegetarians; the athletes gorged on steak.

Inevitably, Greece's kept athletes began to look like Strasbourg geese, bred and fattened for the public to venerate. Had he consulted his history books, Marshall Alexander would have discovered that great generals, like Epaminondas and an earlier Alexander, assumed the professional Olympians as being too useless for military service. Had he looked at the marbles and painted artifacts in the British Museum, he might have discovered why: the graven likenesses of Greek athletes by 300 B.C. show a race of muscle-bound pinheads. Compared to the statues and the marals of their



DAUNTLESS DUFFER

*He has no fear
Of the water's edge;
Among his clubs
Is a fishing pole.*

—FRANK O'BRIEN

slack-jawed anorectom—amateurs all—the state-supported athletes were sorry slots indeed.

The Greeks had a word or two for them. "Of all the countless evils throughout Hellas"—Euripides wrote it down—"none is worse than the race of athletes . . . Slaves of their belly."



THE FLYING QUEENS

THE STUDENT BODIES of most U.S. colleges are not exactly choked with female basketball players; girls seem more inclined to dream of hitting it rich in Hollywood than of sinking the old canba from outside the foul line, and college men are generally left unchallenged to reap the sports headlines. The reverse of all this is true, however, at Wayland College (enrollment 482) in Plainview (pop. 18,600), Texas—home of the Hutcherson Flying Queens, who have just won the women's national AAU basketball championship for the third time in a row. If Wayland's basketball court boasted a marquee it would just have to read, like Minsky's: "Girls! Girls! Girls!"

Wayland's men's team has a hard time when it hits the road. People are forever saying, "Oh, you fellows come from the same school as that girls' team." They can only comfort themselves by reflecting that a man—a wealthy Texas rancher named Claude Hutcherson—was the cause of it all. In 1949, when Wayland's president asked Hutcherson to see what he could do about helping out, few people even

in Plainview were conscious that girls played basketball at the little college. Then, as now, most girls' basketball teams of any consequence were supported by industrial concerns. Hutcherson, however, set out to make Wayland the best in the world.

He began by flying the Wayland girls to their games—thus giving the team a certain glamour, and at the same time advertising the fact that his various enterprises include a flying service. He bought the team flashy blue and white uniforms, pledged himself to pay their expenses and made it plain that he didn't care how far they might have to travel to find suitable opposition. Girls all over Texas, New Mexico and Oklahoma suddenly started hoping that they could be Flying Queens too—40 or 50 hopeful young women now show up at Wayland each year to try for the team. Wayland's vanity coach, Harley Redin, is now in charge of the girl players. They have become, he says, "The first fast-breaking team in women's basketball."

The Flying Queens really hit their stride in 1952 by beating the Hanes Henry Team of Winston-Salem, N.C. which had held the national championship for three years and had accumulated a winning streak of 101 games. Since then they have flown 3,600 miles a year looking for worthy opponents, have run up a 75-game winning streak

of their own. Six Wayland girls were on the U.S. squad which won the women's basketball championship at last year's Pan-American Games.

Claude Hutcherson is still the team's No. 1 fan. Before this year's AAU tournament at St. Joseph, Mo. he hired a "nationally recognized" hair stylist to give the team that look of chic so necessary to feminine morale. After the girls won, they and their supporters were brought home in nine Beechcraft Bonanzas, which approached Plainview flying in close formation for the edification of townspeople waiting, by the hundreds, at the airport. "The Flying Queens," said Chamber of Commerce Manager Wayne Smith after the girls landed, "have spread the name of Plainview over the nation. We're mighty proud of you."

FOOTBALL JURY

ALL REALLY EARNEST football teams believe in filming their own games because it helps in analyzing mistakes afterward and because, well, everybody else does. The New York Football Giants have now learned, in court, another good reason for film. A onetime halfback named Joe Petruzco told the jury that the Giants started him in a preseason game with Los Angeles, back in 1954, then dropped him because he

continues on next page



"It may be a record, all right, but I still say we should have turned left at Big Mammoth."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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suffered a broken thumb in the game: Joe wanted \$5,000. No, indeed, the Giants said: Joe just wasn't good enough for the Giants.

In a darkened courtroom, Coach Jim Lee Howell and Halfback Petrazze reviewed the film for the jury. Sample:

Howell: See, the ball carrier comes through. . . . He should have been duck soup for Petrazze.

Petrazze: Watch the next play and see if I didn't take care of the outside. I turned the play in.

Howell: You didn't make the tackle. . . . [Now] on this play you can see Joe come in but he slips. . . .

Petrazze: A lot of players slip, Coach.

Howell: Good players don't slip, Joe boy.

The jury voted for Howell.

WRESTLING'S TIMBER WOLVES

AT THE START of each wrestling season, Art Griffith, genial, gray-haired coach of the amazing Oklahoma A&M team, tells his new wrestlers about a prairie battle between two bull buffaloes. It is a parable which may explain how the Aggies have won 19 NCAA tournaments, including this year's, since the championships began in 1928.

"The buffalo is all shoulders," Griffith says, "and he's mighty. Two of them come together and you can hear the crash on the next reservation. They horn each other until both stand exhausted and wheezing. Finally one backs away, slobbers a wisp of grass and heads for the water hole.

"Then the timber wolf, with a fraction of the buffalo's strength, can slay the bull of the herd."

Griffith prefers that his wrestlers develop skill instead of bulging muscles, and so the Aggie squad does only a mile of roadwork a day, instead of five, and practices only an hour and a half, with 30 minutes of that given to tactics and discussion.

Griffith takes much of his philosophy from his predecessor, the revered late Edward Clark Gallagher, who introduced wrestling at A&M in 1914. Gallagher teams ran a string of 68 consecutive victories from 1921 to 1932 and had another string of 27 going at the time of his death in 1940. Griffith ran that string up to 74 before losing his first match in 1951 to Oklahoma University.

This continuing success in part explains the interest of wrestling fans in Oklahoma, both at the university and

at A&M. This year's NCAA championships at Gallagher Hall, the A&M gymnasium, set a new attendance record of 17,000, topping the 15,000 established last year at Ithaca. But the crowd of 7,600 which pressed into the Aggie gym for the finals was only the second-best crowd of the year. Earlier an estimated 8,286 filled almost every seat for a dual meet with Oklahoma University.

Griffith thinks local interest is in part due to victory, in part to the interesting style which has spread out from Oklahoma's schools to other colleges where former Aggies are coaching—at Illinois, Michigan State, Michigan, Navy, Syracuse, Pitt, North Carolina, Texas A&M.

"We have a wide-open style of wrestling out here," he said, "compared with the brute-strength style that has been followed in the East for so long. Now people aren't going to pay their money to see a couple of crushers grunt and groan while they work on each other. That's no fun for anyone, except possibly in satisfaction for the fellow doing the crushing."

He compares the new style of wrestling to the change in football, a game which has progressed from battering line-play to the more interesting forward pass and the split-T offense.

It is also a successful style. The Aggies won the tournament with 63 points, Oklahoma U. was second with 62, and Pitt, coached by an old Aggie, Rex Peery, was third with 51.

INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE

THERE ARE NOT many things a horse owner can say with quotable grace when, counting on success, he watches his horse lose. The language of grief is simple and, it would appear, international. "That, I suppose, is horse racing," said Leslie Corbitt II when Nashua came in a sad fifth at Gulfstream Park a fortnight ago.

Last week it was the turn of Britain's Queen Mother Elizabeth. She sat watching the green and misty turf at Aintree on Grand National day with every reason to believe that her sleek guiding Devon Loch was about to become the first royal horse to win the big race in more than half a century. Devon Loch had taken all the jumps with ease, was leading the field and had only 50 yards to go.

"Devon Loch has it! Devon Loch has it!" the cry went up. It was at that moment that weary Devon Loch, shying from a shadow or slipping or for whatever reason, let his hind legs sprawl. In the royal box, reporters sat, the Queen Mother dropped her binoculars and put her hand over her heart. Devon Loch's rider, Dick Francis, tried to get the horse to his feet, finally gave up, dismounted, threw his whip to the ground and wept. The field swept by.

The winning owner went immediately to the Queen Mother to express sympathy. Said the Queen Mother:

"Well, that is racing."

SPECTACLE

THE BIG WAVE SET

The green waves of Waikiki, once the realm of surfing experts, are now ridden by anyone willing to get wet

Sooner or later everyone who plunks a guitar has something to say about the swaying palms, the lovely hula, the grass skirts and the beautiful waves of old Hawaii. Around Waikiki Beach these days, the swaying palms are pruned once a year to keep the coconuts from hitting the tourists. The hula is now danced even in Boston, and the tourists are buying up the grass skirts as fast as the islanders can make them out of cellophane. As the solitary Hawaiian pictured on the opposite page throws his weight forward to keep his board on the rising wave, it seems the waves at Waikiki still belong exclusively to the islanders. But this is true only in the big surf out far. In the gentler surf lines along the beach, on a fair day over 200 visitors sweep down the green slopes on boards and in canoes. Some spend more time beneath the waves than on top, but still paddle out again for more, and, as detailed on page 21, this old Hawaiian sport is now pursued by fans on beaches far from Waikiki.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COLLEEN PRINCE





THROUGH A TORRENT OF SPRAY THROWN UP BY BOW OF THEIR OUTRIGGER CANOE, TOURISTS AND



HAWAIIAN BEACH BOYS SLIDE DOWN A WAVE AT START OF A QUARTER-MILE RIDE INTO WAIKIKI BEACH



RIDING WILD WHITE HORSES IN FROM THE SEA

by COLES PHINIZY

On beaches around the world, from Peru to California, wave

riders are taking up the old sport of the Hawaiian kings

AS THE BOIL OF THE WAVE thunders down on him, the Hawaiian in the picture opposite hunches his shoulders against the skinning water. As this wave rolls into Waikiki at high noon, the same sort of thunder may be cresting off a hundred tawny beaches that scallop the east Australian coast, 5,000 miles to the southwest; though it is still early morning in Australia, some riders are already out to get a few "bloody beautiful glides" before going to work. At this same moment 6,500 miles to the east, off Peru, a similar wave catches fire in the dying sun. A Peruvian prone on his balu board strokes hard and lifts one foot cautiously; then rises and rockets away, cutting a smoking trail down the hard shimmering wall of water. Under the seaside cliffs of southern California, a few hardies who cannot wait for summer shiver approvingly as big surf makes up off San Onofre and Dana Point.

The local winds, the beach contours and shoals off Hawaii, Australia, Peru and California may vary considerably, but these four areas are great for wave riding largely because of one similarity. Each fronts on unbroken expanses of the Pacific, and the best waves for riding on any sort of beach are generally those generated in remote offshore depths. It is often possible, in fact, that the good riding waves striking Australia, Peru, California and Hawaii in one week come from a single storm that was spawned, lived out its rage and died a thousand miles from shore.

Oceanographers today have a fair knowledge of waves. It is known, for example, that to stir up 50-foot waves, a wind must blow about 55 miles an hour for about two days over a 750-mile fetch of water (the storm that blew one wave to a record 112-foot height howled all over the Pacific for a week). It is also known that though the heights of waves diminish when the winds slacken, the speed of the waves and their length from crest to crest continue to increase even in dead calm. A wave in open sea often travels 75 miles an hour. As it moves faster and grows longer and flatter, a whole series of waves may seemingly be lost beneath the cross chop from new winds, but the waves are still there.

Rolling into shoal water a thousand or more miles away, they again grow shorter and steeper. Finally and suddenly, on some shore, these lost waves rise up 10 to 30 feet or so,

and come crashing in like a stampeding rank of white horses.

The sport of wave riding, like the good waves on which it depends, comes from the open ocean. The first known wave riders were the primitive Polynesians who were at ease both on and in the water long before civilized Europeans were smart enough to take a bath. In old Hawaii, wave riding was the sport of kings and commoners. A king's ride was often preceded by prayers and the commoner's ride by heavy betting of wives and other chattels. It was because of this gambling that the early New England missionaries in Hawaii stamped wave riding, along with the hula and grass skirts, as an evil that must go. The sport indeed almost died out. Its revival around 1900 is credited to several people, among them a U.S. mainland named Alex Ford, who, though a Chicagoan and a newspaperman, was not steeped in gambling sin. Another revivalist was an Irish-American named George Freeth, who later pioneered the sport in California and was sometimes seen swimming around in the company of a small seal. About the same time, a South Sea Islander named Tommy Tanna was teaching Aussies how to hang onto their booming waves.

The sport has spread to good surf areas around the world, but Waikiki Beach remains the mecca for riders for more than historical reasons. Waikiki is a relatively short beach, but in 12 square miles of water there, waves of varied types and heights roll in from a half dozen surf lines. Any tourist with the poise of Humpty Dumpty can get in an outrigger canoe with a veteran Hawaiian and ride fringing crests four to eight feet high in the Canoe Surf line. The average beginner learns to ride a board in four-foot waves of the Malihini Surf in a few hours (old buffs often catch on in half an hour). Then after several months' practice a novice may have the knack of angling down a wave to gain speed and to keep clear of the plunging boil he will encounter in the fast, curling 10-foot waves of the Queen's Surf. On the best days, a quarter mile beyond Queen's Surf, 20-foot waves spill over in the Castle Surf and the First Break line. Out in the First Break, a Humpty Dumpty may take very many great falls and never learn to ride these big, wild white horses. (KHO)

NEARLY LOST IN THE FOAM, A RIDER WORKS HIS WAY TO THE FRONT OF A WAVE AT WAIKIKI

THE FIX IN CALIFORNIA

by JAMES MURRAY

It couldn't happen to Babe McCoy, boxing's wisecracker said, but by last week Governor Knight's investigating committee had lifted the lid on boxing's dirty business for all to see

IN 1955 when California's Governor Goodwin J. Knight—spurred by SI's disclosures that boxing's business was as dirty on the West Coast as on the other end of the line—ordered an all-out investigation, the boxing fraternity from San Diego to San Francisco doubled up with laughter. It couldn't have been funnier if Willie Fypp took on Rocky Marciano. Boxing traditionally was impregnable to political assault.

Last week when it was announced that the governor's committee—after nine months of painstaking research—would begin open hearings, the wisecracker yawned. Newspapers buried the notice on the obituary pages. The southern California boxing czar, 360-pound Babe McCoy, was so incensed he waddled down to the hearings without even an attorney to advise him.

What happened in the next five days turned McCoy, the pale, porcine Captain Bligh of California boxing, into an angry, badly rattled man, started his recent appendectomy (slow to heal because of obesity) to bleeding afresh and prompted a hurry-up call for San Francisco's famous criminal lawyer, Jake Ehrlich, subject of the book *Never Fear Death*.

The hearings in Los Angeles then played to packed headlines. City editors, who owe no allegiance to Babe McCoy or other dirty businessmen of boxing, took charge of the story. Babe McCoy, no Harry Kuddolph, quickly became better known to the public by his FBI number than his alias. He was described to the investigators as a hot-tempered tyrant of the ring who fired fights, wooed careers and operated with such arrogant contempt for the athletic commission that he once lured members to come hat in hand to his

apartment before he would even show them a contract he held.

The fight mob couldn't have been more shocked by an honest wrestling match. What was testified to did not surprise them. It was the fact that the indentured slaves of the boxing game had the courage to talk at all. It had never occurred to them that prizefighters had a pride in the integrity of their profession. And it was ultimately these pathetic husks of boxing's human demons who turned on Babe McCoy and left him, at the end of one week's legal fighting, cornered and desperate.

FIRST WITNESS

First to break open the headlines was a quiet Negro ex-lightweight contender named Tommy Campbell, who wears special glasses to see out of eyes stabbed by too many lefts—some of which, he testified, he could not even defend himself against because McCoy forbade him.

Tommy Campbell set forth how he had been forced by McCoy to throw a fight against Los Angeles' "Golden Boy," Art Aragon, in the spring of 1956. Aragon, a semiskilled but colorful brawler, was a great drawing card for McCoy and Co. Campbell, a better fighter, was not.

Campbell testified that McCoy had assigned him to a variety of managers, culminating in a bout Campbell had with Luther Rawlings in Los Angeles. Campbell testified he was upset at being given a short purse for the fight. He and his latest manager, George Moore, discussed it with McCoy.

Testified Campbell: "It is kind of hard . . . to remember exactly what the discussion was, but he [McCoy] felt the fight didn't draw as they thought it would and that— He felt

that I should pay part of the expenses of the fighter that he brought to fight me. And I didn't see it that way. We argued, you know, pro and con. And he eventually gave me my money. . . .

" . . . He said that as far as fighting was going in California, I was through. . . . I believed that I was through and I tried to get a job but I couldn't get one. I mean I could have gotten a job—I don't want to make that statement, that I couldn't get a job, but I couldn't find a job that I thought I could live off. I had two children then [now three]."

Q. Then your next bout after that you boxed Art Aragon. . . .

A. It was a bit vague exactly how it came about but I was told to—I had to lose if I got it. And I said "O.K." because I needed the money.

Continued Campbell: "I told George Moore after the fight had been signed that we didn't have to lose and he corrected me by saying that we did, he had to post the money in a bank pending the outcome of the fight."

Campbell lost the fight in a three-round knockout. He had been ordered to lose in four by McCoy and Moore, he testified, but in the second he accidentally knocked Aragon kicking and was so horrified he tried to go to Aragon's assistance. When Aragon finally scrambled to his feet, Campbell, gasping with fear, walked Aragon around the ring like a rag doll for the rest of the round. In the next round, with Aragon conscious enough to swing a punch, Campbell sank in a heap with a sigh of relief and was counted out.

Campbell's first California manager, Soldier Eddie Stanley, another man with a legacy of scar tissue from the fight game, corroborated his fighter's

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FORRY BABE MCCOY WAS AMBIVALENT UNTIL HE HEARD BOXERS TELL HOW HE FIXED FIGHTS



REQUIREMENTS FOR A MASTER'S DEGREE

To score reasonably low in the annual spring classic at the Augusta National demands a feeling for noncircuit course grass, an analytical mind and a "green thumb"

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

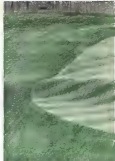
APRIL—it was either Tennyson or P. G. Wodehouse who said it—is the golfer's month. All over the un-southern sections of America, the covers of cut oak branches which sheltered the greens during the winter have been removed. The uneven, heaving ground has started after the last thaw to settle into its familiar conformations, the grass begins to get greener, the fragrance of fertilizer gradually yields to the bright smells of sun-dried clover and crisp bark, and the voice of the caddy-master is heard again in the land.

The golfer awakes after his restless hibernation, his head burning with new measures he has thought of or read about or practiced on the cellophane mat, measures he feels confident will enable him finally to master the game of golf

to the degree demanded by his own estimate of his talents. After the past seasons of disappointment, this could be the year. By late May the 88-golfer has usually been forced to acknowledge that for some diabolical reason he is not going to turn into a 78-golfer, and the 95-golfer is delighted to settle for an occasional "rotten 98." But in April everything seems possible, and this undoubtedly adds to the golfer's general euphoria as he savors again that annual enchanting re-realization that golf is a truly wonderful game. He feels golf, thinks golf and talks golf—other people's golf as well as his own—as he does at no other time of the year.

For most Americans the tournament that signals the close of winter and the coming of spring—the golfer's equinox,

as it were—is the Masters, which is regularly held in Augusta, Ga. the last four days of the first full week in April, this year April 5-8. Occurring when the golfer's fever is highest, it is followed and discussed and speculated about as no other tournament. Each April, regardless of whatever other discussable points are created by the happenings at Augusta, at the top of the list you will invariably find those ancient enigmas: Why is it that so few of the low-scoring circuit stars ever shine at Augusta? How is it that even the veteran experts hardly if ever cut loose with those spectacular rounds in the middle 60s? Or to put it a little differently, making adequate allowance for the Augusta National's being a considerably tougher course than any the



THE TUMBLING CONTOURS OF THE HUGE 10TH



AS FLAT AS A MILLPOND, THE AVERAGE CIRCUIT COURSE GREEN, HERE DEPICTED WITH ONLY MILD EXAGGERATION, IS IDEAL FOR LOW SCORING



GREEN AT AUGUSTA NATIONAL. SOME OF THE ROUGHEST ON THE COURSE. BREAK REMAININGLY TOWARD THE GRATER LIKE OCEAN WAVES.

players meet on the circuit, still, why all these 7es and those faltering 7Ts from golfers who would seem to have the ability to master the Masters—some what better? Additionally, why such comparatively unsparking iron play? And why, indeed, all those three-putt greens?

To learn the answer to these questions—as they say on television—it seemed logical to get in touch with the men who should know, the touring pros. The week of our visit, the tour was in Houston for the Open of the same name. That is a \$30,000 event and so there was a little more strain in the air than if the boys were playing San Antonio (\$20,000) or Baton Rouge (\$15,000). Furthermore, a progressive committee had roped off all the fairways and given the layout and the tournament a decided touch of class.

But by and large, though, the tour is the tour, and at Houston or wherever it happens to be playing that week, it wears the same, unvarying aspect. All around you are the familiar sights and sounds. Out on the practice green, where 20-odd pros are forever noodling away before and after their rounds, Jerry Barber taps the customary trio of practice balls, getting the feel of the Bermuda. Largely because of his fluency with his putter, a beat-up brasshead put out by Fred Matule of Los Angeles, Jerry has been a consistent money-winner the last few seasons. A few months ago Jerry finally hit on the exactly appropriate name for his putter: The Golden Arm. . . . Practicing next to the man with the Golden Arm is Gene Littler, winner of the previous tournament. He is greeted by a

colleague with that inevitable bit of badinage, "How's it going, Money Bags?" Beneath Gene's reserve lurks a pawky sense of humor. "How much do you need?" Gene asks him casually.

Out in one of the open practice areas, Dow Finsterwald's dad, a lawyer from Athens, Ohio, who is a frequent visitor to the tour, watches intently as Dow, an eminently watchable free-swinger, limbers up with a batch of balls. . . . In another part of the forest—and at Houston's Memorial Park course this is no mere figure of speech: the ordinary practice area can accommodate only a handful of all who want to practice, so there are golfers firing shots in every available open area among the pine groves—Sam Ureetta, the 1950 National Amateur champion, now a professional trying the tour for the first time, punches out a bagful of seven-iron shots. They are not going out there just the way Sam would like—there's a slight bit of tail at the end of their flight—but Sam continues to practice without being too disturbed about it. His easy calmness makes you remember obliquely that Sam during his last year of college basketball at St. Bonaventure sunk something like 59 out of 68 foul shots. . . .

DEMARET AND COMPANY

In the next opening among the pines, Duke Hancock, one of the last of the old brigade of professional caddies, stands with his arms folded, looking very well these days and British enough to pose for a sherry ad as he watches Jimmy Demaret warm up. The patriarch of the touring pros, Jimmy has been enjoying an extremely successful

season after many had considered him definitely over the hill. His comeback has not only warmed the hearts of all golfers but started up afresh the old controversy as to Jimmy's correct age. Official records would seem to suggest that he will never see 45 again, but Demaret, the Jack Benny of golf, sticks unflinchingly to 43, a figure he has favored for many seasons. . . .

Down the first fairway, following the threesome Cary is playing in, goes Edie Middleoff, who walks more holes than any other golf wife. . . . On the steps of the clubhouse Clark Wilcox, the ubiquitous golf-shoe entrepreneur, is overtaken by an earnest young pro who wants to order two new pairs: one with a maroon suede saddle, the other straight brown calfskin but with one of those fancy doubled-bark tongues. . . . Commuting endlessly between the first tee and his headquarters tent, Ray O'Brien, the portly PGA tour director, stops to explain to another young player that tomorrow's pairings and starting times will be posted just as soon as they are completed. . . . And so on and so on, ad infinitum. Whatever it may not have, the tour certainly possesses activity, and when you have been away from it a while, it is always strangely reassuring to return to it—in much the same way that it is to come back to your place of business after an absence—and to find that the old machinery is still whirling around.

When you discuss with the touring pros what they think are the reasons for the remarkable disparity between scores on circuit courses and at the Augusta National (and, for that mat-

continued on next page

ter, on other championship-circuit courses such as those the Open is played on, you find that it is a subject to which they have addressed their minds on many occasions. One player may tip the emphasis a little differently from another, but there is general agreement as to the contributing factors.

As is well known to all golf fans, the Augusta National (about 6,850 yards, maximum) is longer than most circuit layouts. Yard for yard Augusta also plays much longer, for its lush, watered fairways are appreciably softer and slower than the hard-baked, thin-grassed circuit courses where a tee shot keeps bub, bub, bobbing along. Furthermore, since the typical circuit course is wide open and the roughs are seldom disorienting unless a player is stymied by that occasional tree, a player can let out on his drive with a margin of ease of impunity. While the Augusta National cannot be characterized as a tight tee-shot course, placement of the drive is primary on many of the holes, distance subsidiary.

One result is that at Augusta a golfer is usually faced with playing longer irons on his approaches than he does on the circuit, and it stands to reason that he will be less accurate with a five than with a seven, particularly if, like most touring golfers, he gets to play so few middle and low irons that he becomes relatively less proficient with them than with the shorter ones.

Just how long the Augusta National plays depends, to be sure, on the conditions prevailing the week of the Masters. In 1933, for example, when Ben Hogan cut five strokes off the previous tournament mark with his torrid rounds of 70-69-66-69 for a total of 274, conditions were ideal for low scoring. The fairways were reasonably fast, the air windless, the greens only moderately fast. The situation was not unlike what it was at St. Andrews in 1927 when Bob Jones shot his record 285 in the British Open; a severe drought had parched the links and hardly a gulf of wind came off the bay during the three days of the championship. Admire as they did the quality of Bob's golf, veteran St. Andrians felt that he could never have made such figures had he not caught the course at a time when the old girl was hardly herself at all.

But the fact that players must use "more club" on their approaches is only a small part of the story of why iron-play at Augusta is so much more difficult. The heavier texture of the taller fairway grass influences the shot-making in various and subtle ways. To

begin with, simply striking the ball cleanly and crisply is a good deal more exacting than on the very circuit fairways. There, "most of the ball" sits atop a light bed of grass, and the ball can be contacted decisively and propelled on that kind of flight which produces a sharp backspin when it hits the green. A golfer gets many perfect "backspin lies" on the Augusta National's superb fairways but his ball sometimes finishes, as in the nature of things it must occasionally on a meadowland type of course, lying fairly deep down among the blades of grass. Then the golfer must be skilled enough to alter his stroke to fit the lie.

SOFTLY DOES IT

Among other things, he must allow for the probability that the engrossed ball will take off, as it were, from the face of the club, fly somewhat more erratically and a few yards farther, and carry less true backspin. Knowing these things, the shrewd golfer will take one club less for the shot than he ordinarily would from that distance. In this general connection, I am in mind of an interesting comment by Walker Evans, the young professional who is a native Augustan and will be playing his first Masters this year. "Most spectators don't realize that you need an awfully good lie to play the wedge," Walker was saying. "They take up their position behind a certain green, like the third, and let's say eight or nine golfers in a row fail to stop their pitch shot from rolling well beyond the pin. The tenth golfer puts his stiff. Many golf fans think that proves that he's that much better than the other golfers. It doesn't necessarily follow. That 10th golfer may have been the only one who had a lie that permitted him to play a wedge and contact the ball as that he could get real good backspin."

In brief, then, where a pro can more or less repeat one type of striking action on the circuit fairways, on a meadowland course he must have the capacity to play a greater variety of shots. Golf is essentially a hand-action game—the swing is the means by which a golfer gets his hands (in affiliation with his body) into a position to hit the ball right. As Jimmy Demaret, a three-time winner of the Masters, points out, "The great golfers are and always have been those players who consciously or instinctively make slight adjustments in their technique to suit individual shot problems and who also make slight adjustments in their overall technique to suit the special requirements of the course they're playing.

Ben does, Byron does. Now at Augusta, you don't want to rife the ball to the pin, as a general rule. You want to drop the ball on the green as soft as you can manage. With this in mind, at Augusta Byron might turn a bit more than he ordinarily would or introduce something in his change that would facilitate his getting the soft kind of flight he wants."

And why is it so preferable to drop the ball as softly as possible on the greens at the Augusta National? To begin with, the greens are of exceedingly fine grass which is mowed close, and the resultant surface is decidedly faster and slicker than that of the average circuit green. The ball turns over easily; it gathers speed very easily, so be as gentle as you can, feather that ball up there. But this is only half of the challenge. On the January-March trail, it is the rare green which confronts the golfer with much more than a slight roll or break to take into account. The majority of the greens are almost as flat as a pancake. Forgetting for the moment how this simplifies putting, consider how it reduces the problem of the approach shot. You can bang right for that flag. If you "fly" the ball 15 feet past the pin or 15 feet to the left, there's no sharp undulation to worry about that might send the ball kicking many feet farther away from the target. All sides of the pin are for you. This breeds confidence and boldness.

How different at the Augusta National where one of the distinguishing features is the severe contours of the greens—especially the greens on those holes where there are no water hazards. These greens are modeled to provide three or four distinct pin-positions—relatively flat areas of the green separated from the other pin-positions by folds and ridges and slopes. Accordingly, the big thing at Augusta is not simply to hit the green. If your ball ends up, say, on the left portion of the green and a sizable ridge must be traversed to reach the cup situated that day in the right-center of the green, to get down without taking three putts is often a first-class feat. The big thing for the golfer is to place his approach shot (on a par 4, let's say) in the spot that enables him to get down in two. Frequently he is better able to do this via a chip or an approach putt or from 40 feet away from the "right" edge or apex than he is by putting from 20 feet away from the "wrong" side—that is, in reference to where the pin is positioned that day. To play the smart shot takes headwork and finesse. To play the aggressive shot when you



JAMES NEWTON DEMARET, winner of three Masters and the circuit's greatest

should, with only a quarter or a third of the green to shoot for, taken courage and finesse.

All this requires time to learn and an utterly sound game, and to some extent it accounts for the regularity with which the old hands rose to the front at Augusta. Nelson has finished in the top ten 14 times, Hogan 13 times, Snead and Mangrum 11 times. Demaret, Middelcoff and Boros have also piled up consistently good records. The edge which some of the younger players have as birdie-gut holders over such celebrated non-hitters as Nelson, Snead and Boros doesn't count for too much in the Masters, where consistent work on the greens based on heady approach putting is the ticket (as it is at St. Andrews, the patron saint of all renowned green courses). Even when a player's approach shot finishes nicely in the birdie area and he has a relatively straight putt left, he cannot charge the hole because of the fast surface. The one coming back is always too long.

This is just a once-over-lightly and there are, for certain, a number of other reasons why scores at Augusta are seldom very low—the pressure which a major event inevitably creates, the havoc which all those water holes on the second nine can wreak, the strategic challenge of the course is general—to name just the three which leap first to mind. The Masters, in short, is a sturdy test of a golfer's ability to control the ball. This does not mean that to win on the circuit does not demand enormous skill. It sure does. But it calls for a different type of skill. There

is little question that scores would be lower at Augusta if the transition from the circuit to the Masters were not so abrupt and the players had more time to adapt themselves to what amounts to a whole new set of conditions.

DEMARET ON THE TOUR

While we're at it, we might as well tackle another one of those related priority questions: Is it harder to be a consistent winner on the circuit today than it used to be? According to Jimmy Demaret, who has been traveling the route for sign on to 31 years, the answer would go like this: For the player who is merely a very fine golfer, it is harder to win big money on the tour these days—the number of very fine golfers has increased and is forever increasing. However, a truly great golfer would find the circuit competition perhaps easier than it was right after the war because there are only a couple of great golfers following the sun today, not six or seven.

For Demaret, the circuit has gone through three distinct eras: the period roughly from the middle '30s up to the war, when Demaret was just a young pup on his way up; the period just after the war, when Hogan, Nelson, Locke, Snead and Demaret were setting the pace and when Demaret, incidentally, was acting as a paternal guide to dozens of hopeful young golfers, showing them how to dress, talk and generally how to handle themselves; and the period embracing the last half-dozen years or so, when Demaret has been the acknowledged elder

statesman. "Today the tour's not as much fun as it used to be," Jimmy was musing after one of his rounds at Houston. "The boys are making too much of a business of it. At the time I first joined the tour, when the era of Hogan and Sarason and that crowd was just turning to a close, it was sort of a post-graduate course for golfers who wanted to gain more knowledge of their profession. Ninety-nine per cent of the players had club jobs. With free time during the winter months, they converged for the pleasure of competition and to talk over sales methods and teaching methods. The atmosphere changed when the players began working at the tour. I suppose the first ones who did were Hogan and Nelson. They brought in a new idea: practice and prepare for each event. Sarason and Hogan and their contemporaries used to warm up for a round by hitting a few balls, maybe six or seven, down a nearby fairway. Now you come to a course and it looks like a flock of locusts have moved in on the practice tee.

"There used to be a great deal of informal comradeship in the evenings, but now you rarely see anyone after dark. The boys are up in their rooms practicing their putting.

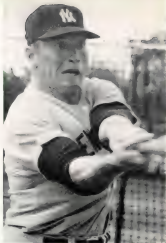
"It's understandable, too. They're under a terrific strain now to win money, because for too many it is their only means of support. Prize money keeps going up, to be sure, but there's nowhere near enough for more than a relatively small percentage of the boys to make a living from tournament golf. Few of them will willingly face up to that hard fact. And we're coming dangerously near that point when we're getting a breed you might term a 'golf bum'—a player who borrows money from a banker so that he can play the tour, exhausts the money, finds another banker the next year, exhausts that and keeps repeating the process, sometimes with no genuine intention of paying the money back. Every young golfer is entitled to a chance to see if he can make the grade on the tour, but simple arithmetic makes it impossible for much more than a dozen to live on their tour winnings. The boys would be a great deal better off if they buckled down to jobs as home men and played the tour as an adjunct of that basic job."

Well, those are a few chunks for golfers to chew on until the time comes when we can all turn in our No. 1 snow shovels and return to till the good earth.

**THE WONDERFUL
WORLD OF SPORT**

SPRING STRAINING

March was the cruelest month for baseball players. Training hard in a sunny land, mixing memory and desire, stirring dulled muscles and contorting the face, players undergo the agonies of getting into shape



MICKEY MANTLE of Yankees, batting right-handed, pops eyes and opens mouth as he takes a hard cut in a practice session.



HANK BAUER of Yankees gives the ball a smooth-mouthed treatment.



CURT SIMMONS of Phila., bothered by sore arms last year, tightens lips and lets go in warm-up.



CLEM LABINE, Brooklyn pitcher and a fashion designer, swallows hard after a pitch.



TED KLUSZEWSKI of Cincinnati, wearing the non-sheathed uniform, games lips as he tries to get a pitch low and outside.



STAN MUSIAL of St. Louis tenses his jaw and follows the ball with his eyes as he gets set to connect during batting practice.



ROY McMILLAN, shortstop for Cincinnati, bites lip endurable-play pivot against Chicago.



LARRY DOBY of White Sox bares teeth after feeling off pitch in an exhibition with Cincinnati.



DON BLASINGAME of Cardinals seems sorry about hitting the ball.

TRYING TIMES IN TRYON

Despite rain-drenched North Carolina skies horsemen conduct trials that determine members of the Prix des Nations team which will represent the U.S. in the Equestrian Olympics



LAST JUMP of Olympic-type course is cleared by Frank Chaput on Valco's Matador. Chaput and Warren Hafford were chosen with 1952 Olympic Rider Bill Solakran and 1955 U.S. Equestrian Team Member Hugh Wiley. Dressage and Team Day Team had already been named.



LAST JUDGMENT is finally made by equestrian jury. Amazing performance of horse and rider are left in right; Wilbur Stone, president of the U.S. Equestrian Team; Brig. Gen. J. T. Cole, team manager.



BORED HORSES AND BROODING CAMELOTS DRANK CHARGE TAKE SHELTER FROM THE STEADY RAIN AFTER THE DUTY TRIAL IS CANCELED



Maj. Gen. Guy Henry, chairman of the U.S. Olympic Equestrian Committee; Walter Derroux and Brig. Gen. F. W. Bays, Olympic Committee members, Obstacle were kept slightly below Olympic standards for fear of injuries on slick footing. "It may

rain in Brockholes," said General Cole, "but we are not there yet; and you don't get beat up if you plan to fight Joe Louis the next day." Remarked General Henry: "The Lord can't possibly be a horseman, or He wouldn't send us weather like this!"

LEADFOOT AND LIGHTFOOT

An Indy champion and the world's top
Grand Prix driver are Sebring's heroes

by COLES PHINIZY



STRAIN OF RACE shows in weariness of Bob Sweikert's Goffi and Juan Manuel Fangio's faces as they come into pits during the grid.

BECAUSE IT TESTS little of a good driver's skill but can kill his car, there are very few, if any, sports car drivers who like the short, flat, multi-cornered course at Sebring, Fla. However, the 12-hour run at Sebring counts for the world championship, and so Sebring knows that every spring the good European drivers, the few good American drivers, and thousands of ardent, shop-talking sports car buffs will come back. On the eve of its sixth race last weekend the town was again lost in a swirl of cars and an even greater swirl of track gossip and pre-race dope.

Most of the talk this year was of the great strength of the Jaguars. There were, after all, nine D-Jaguars entered, and with last year's winner, Mike Hawthorn, driving a fuel-injection job in a three-car factory team—well, it looked very good for Jaguar. The three-car Ferrari factory team, the smart gas-

sips insisted, would have to play it all or nothing from the start. The Aston Martins? They had the acceleration and the brakes for such an on-and-off course, and they had Stirling Moss driving one car, but how could such a low-powered Moss match a Hawthorn with fuel injection? As for the Maseratis, it was rumored (erroneously) that they had something entirely new under the hood.

There was, of course, also some laughter that Indianapolis '599" winner Bob Sweikert should be trying his first sports car race in a Jaguar at Sebring. It's a long way from the lead-footed driving of the brickyard to the delicacy of a road course, the race crowd insisted, and Sweikert would not be the first who tried and failed to make the jump. As for Chevrolet's Corvette team—well, for Detroit the jump was even greater, and the Cor-

vettes were taken seriously by no one.

The calm center of pre-race confusion at Sebring last week was the Argentine Juan Manuel Fangio, Grand Prix champion of the world and the only driver with a really good chance of out-driving Mike Hawthorn. Like Sweikert, Fangio often passed unnoticed in the hornet's nest of enthusiasts—but for a different reason. A quiet man of little flourish, he tended to disappear among the more flamboyant English and Italian drivers. But Fangio found time to take Sweikert over the course in pre-race practice and give him a few pointers on the light-footed handling of brake and accelerator pedals which Sebring demands. A stock car driver before he ever handled in a Grand Prix car, the world champion knew some of the problems that the Indy champion would have to overcome.

The start of the race was as predicted: Mike Hawthorn in the Jaguar jumped into the lead and ripped through 33 laps in two hours. Stirling Moss hung on 15 to 20 seconds behind, and Fangio's Ferrari lay in third place five seconds behind Moss. Coming in for a pit stop after two and a half hours, Moss was doubtful: "With the power we have," he said, "I don't think we can hang on this way for 12 hours." He was right. In the fourth hour his Aston Martin died on the track.

By mid-race 21 of the 59 starting cars were out of it, among them one factory Jaguar and a factory Maserati. With the default of this Maserati, Sebring came near suffering the first fatality in its six years. Sweeping into a curve, Maserati Driver Carlo Menditeguy hit a hay bale, flipped and

continued on page 25



TOLL OF RACE is Carlos Menditeguy's Maserati (left) which flipped with near-fatal consequences. Here, seconds later, Fangio in No. 17 passes his fellow Argentine and friend.

*the measure
of the man ...*

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bator Trelu. \$14.95. Suede Trelu
Bermuda with custom-like top, side
buckles adjust to fit, \$6.95. Trelu-
bator Trelu hose colored to coordinate, \$2.00.

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FLANKING MOVEMENT of a governor's investigating committee measured against boxing Promoter Babe McCoy (center), with Lawyer Jake Ehrlich (in left) and George Hansford

(right) testified that he had thrown a fight on McCoy's order and Stanley (right), fight manager, swore he had failed to reverse Lightweight Tommy Campbell's reluctant consent to a loss.

THE FIX IN CALIFORNIA

continued from page 11

testimony and told bitterly how McCoy had ripped the fighter from him "and reeled him." In a scene reminiscent of Marlon Brando in *On the Waterfront*, Stanley told how he confronted Campbell with the tortured cry, "But you're the No. 1 contender, Tommy. You don't have to do this!" (Campbell went on to defeat the likes of Gene Burton and draw with Jimmy Carter before, he said, McCoy again ordered him to lose, this time to Del Flanagan in Minnesota.)

Testified Campbell with hung head: "He [Stanley] asked me what I thought about it. But I told him that you just can't fight—you either fight or you quit. It's that way all the way across the country. You just can't buck them." He said he was to have been given the Ike Williams shot in which Jimmy Carter won the title—but Carter, when Campbell had drawn with in New Orleans, was made champion instead.

Before the week was over, another ex-lightweight, Georgie Hansford, testified he had been sent east by McCoy, under a manager assigned to him by McCoy, to 1) lose a decision to Allie Stoffa, who was being built up for a title shot a few months later against Bob Montgomery; and 2) lose to Enrique Bolanos, who was being built up for an NBA title shot a few weeks later against Ike Williams. McCoy personally telephoned him to lose to Bolanos, he said.

While the witnesses confirmed his case, the chief investigator for the committee, a broad-shouldered iron-wristed ex- (San Francisco 49er) football player, Jim Cox, conducted the hearing to a counterpoint of abuse and heckling, not only from the road-fat McCoy but from McCoy's boss, the man in the blue suede shoes, Alvah (Cal) Eaton, heavy-lidded, bald, audibly ridiculing the unfriendly witnesses throughout. Jim Cox ignored the shadowboxing in the audience. He was landing the legal haymakers on the witness stand.

THE SUMMING UP

Governor Knight's action in authorizing the probe and in placing it in the hamlike hands of Jim Cox took no small courage. Promoter Eaton is an in-law of the governor.

As the week ended, Jim Cox and his committee had adduced evidence that:

- 1) Babe McCoy had fixed seven fights.
- 2) He had taken Wrestler Primo Carners away from the manager who imported him to the U.S., where the Preen was to gross \$250,000, the defeated manager getting \$6,000 of it.
- 3) He had acted as undernurse manager for fighters he used.
- 4) He had trafficked in fighters for

managers like Jack Kearns and a Reno gambler named Bill Graham who had spent seven years in Leavenworth Prison for what Cox termed "one of the biggest race horse scandals in the history of America."

5) He had, according to the sheriff of Alameda County, spent a night in an Oakland jail with the infamous Blinky Palermo for interfering with a process server trying to serve his friend Blinky.

When the points were added up, Jim Cox was so far ahead it was questionable whether McCoy would go the route. The poiselessness of the state athletic commission to deal with the jackals of boxing was there for all to see. The fact that Promoter Eaton clearly knew what kind of a first lieutenant he had was undeniable.

Sternly warned the *Los Angeles Mirror-News*:

"Is the Attorney General or the District Attorney represented at the sensational hearings? No. Asst. Atty. Gen. William V. O'Connor and Dist. Atty. Ernest Roll are close personal friends of Eaton. Both attend fights frequently....

"... It's going to take more than politically popular investigations and headlines to clean it up. It's going to take strong, courageous action by public officials from the Governor to the District Attorney. With maybe a little help from you fight fans." **END**

FOR A LOOK AT THE SMILING FACE OF EASTERN BOXING, SEE CONVERSATION PIECE, NEXT PAGE

CONVERSATION PIECE: SUBJECT:

HONEST BILL DALY

Julius Helfand is a 'smearer,' Dan Parker is a 'phony' and Frankie Carbo is 'a fine fellow . . . a gentleman.' So says the elusive treasurer of the International Boxing Guild

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

Treasurer William (Honest Bill) Daly of the International Boxing Guild has had a trying year. Last May, Chairman Julius Helfand of the New York boxing commission began investigating the Guild when Welterweight Vince Martinez charged that he was unable to get fights after his contract with Daly expired. Helfand eventually outlawed the Guild's New York local, but he had little success with Daly who flatly refused to testify and later ducked a subpoena. Martinez, unable to back the boycott, returned to Daly's management. Last January, however, a federal grand jury, after hearing testimony that the Guild had enforced a boycott against a Cleveland promoter, indicted Daly and two other Guild officials. Two weeks ago, with Helfand's subpoena lifted at least temporarily, Honest Bill gave his side of the story to BI while he held court in the back booth of a Broadway restaurant.

WILLIAM (Honest Bill) DALY ordered a Scotch and then he spoke: "I think Julie Helfand is a smearer. He has done nothin' for boxin'. He's a politician who took the job as a medium of gettin' a judgeship. He said he was gonna clean the racketeers outta boxin'. I haven't seen one racketeer he's cleaned out. He hasn't found one fake fight in boxin' yet. He ain't a good investigator.

"He's used Carbo's name as a headline huntin' scheme," Daly continued indignantly. "Durin' them days, I'd read the papers and see Frankie on Broadway, in Dempsey's outfit, or another place. He didn't seem to be a fugitive or a man corruptin' the fight game. The old sayin' is, 'Get up or shut up.'"

Daly leaned back and puffed on a cigar. "Helfand accused Tex Sullivan and Willie Gilenberg of St. Nick's of foolin' around with gangsters. But when the hearin' opened, Helfand struck that out. The 'great investigator' couldn't produce, again. Outside of tellin' the boys that if they belonged to the Boxin' Guild of New York they're gonna lose their license, he didn't file no criminal charges or misappropriation of funds. Who stole anything? Steal a loaf of bread," Honest Bill said righteously, "you get put in the can."

"Helfand or no other commissioner," Daly continued, "ever tried to get more money for the fighters like the Guild did. Never in my 35 years of boxin'. They always protect the promoters and the different political hacks appointed to the commission. They saddle the small clubs with these hacks, and when the show is over and \$2,000 is in, they take 5% of the gate for the commission! Then their next grab is what they call officials—those guys who stand around to count the shoelaces on the fighters' feet. They take anywhere from \$300 to \$400 off the top for the officials. At St. Nick's, I think they go three-seven-five for those bums! They see a free fight for nothin' and get paid for it! The government takes 14% for taxes, then fighters get their percentage after that."

Bill Daly shook his head over the outrages committed in the name of the state. He took a sip of his Scotch, rattling the ice around in the glass before putting it down. He puffed on his cigar while he waited for the next question. It concerned Promoter Ray Arcel.

In September of 1953 Ray Arcel, who was at odds with the Guild, was slapped on the head with a lead pipe by an unknown assailant. That autumn Arcel paid about \$13,000 for advertis-

ing—at \$1,500 a page—in the *International Boxing Magazine*, which Daly edited. In view of the circumstances surrounding the Arcel case, did not the price of \$13,000 for these advertisements amount to extortion?

"Ray, when he got his TV deal, said he'd like to help out his pals with a welfare fund for the Guild," he said patiently. "From time to time, he offered to give money to the Guild, but the Guild attorney said that wouldn't be right. Well, I opened up a magazine to be a voice for fight managers. Then we went out and hustled ads like any other magazine, and if a guy like Ray was doin' good, we sold him a bill of goods that if he was doin' good he should take ads. We gave him full-page ads, we did, and he was only new. He was competin' with the IBC. We told him every manager and boxer's writeup would get a free copy. At that time, he was havin' difficulty gettin' talent, and you have to let people know you're in business. This was the only magazine that reached the boxer's game. Arcel could afford to pay more for the ads, and it meant more to him than, say, the manufacturer of Fabat beer because it got to the fight managers. It was a trade magazine. It was in the business."

Did Daly have any idea who slapped Arcel on the head with a lead pipe?

"Couldn't even offer an idea of what caused it," said Daly, relighting the cigar. "The magazine is gonna be in business again," he confided. "And naturally I'm gonna sell everyone who wants to take an ad that they can take it off their income taxes. We don't know who's gonna be on the editorial board, but the magazine may be so hot this time they may not wanna go in."

continued on page 10

HIS HONEST SMILE, both benign and patient, is worn by Bill Daly as he listens to a witness testify before the New York boxing commission in November of 1954.



continued from page 46

"I'm gonna expose people—phonies!" Daly shouted, waving the cigar around. "The helier-than-thou guys! You can put Dan Parker's name down there. But we'll have to put him off until we get ready for him. Can he take it like I did under his barrage of malicious lies? I will only have to stick to the truth to expose this character!" Daly yelled. "He will holler like a thief—because he can't take it!"

Was he also planning to expose Jimmy Powers?

"A newspaperman like that just reports," said Daly.

What about SPORTS ILLUSTRATED?
"You people are just involved with the Martinez case," Daly said, shrugging his shoulders. "Your material came directly, I believe, from the Martinez clan—I said clan—when I split with Vince and his family. It was no different than a man and his wife threatenin' each other and both chargin' each other with various crimes with the ultimate goal of securin' a divorce. But happily the divorce never came. A reconciliation was effected after assorted the various lies and eliminatin' the hungry wolves who wanted to get ahead of this important piece of championship fightin' material. No, I don't know what you done wrong."

Was he planning to expose anyone else?

"Pious Harry Markson," cried Daly as though he had forgotten someone. "Pious Harry Markson has been shootin' his mouth off to a great extent and holdin' hooks over the top of his head in his desire to peeve to the world he is helier than thou!"

Why was Markson, the IBC general manager, on the list? Daly wouldn't say why. Was there anyone else? There was, but Daly refused to say. What about Bob Christenberry, the former commission chairman, who once fined Daly \$500?

"Christenberry?" asked Daly with a smile. "He's a jolly politician who goes with the wind. From time to time, though, we'll pinpoint anyone who tries to make remarks about the Guild. In my honest belief, the Guild is the only organization that has done anything constructive about gettin' better conditions for the fighter and the manager in boxin'. It will only be a question of time, if the International Guild should fold, that the TV people, the sponsors and the promoters will cut down on the amount in purses that they are now payin' that was set up by the Guild. The International Guild is the organization that made the sponsor pay decent money to the promoter, and we stopped the promoters from puttin' it all in their pockets and payin' out nothin' to the fighters. Mike Jacobs, durin' the days of radio, handled close to a million dollars from the Gillette people and sunk it all into

his pocket and gave nary a penny to the fighter who made it possible for public interest and radio producer's of fights. The event of television was the cause of an organization the International Guild to keep the money from goin' into the promoters' pockets."

Daly ordered another Scotch. What did he have to say about his indictment in Cleveland?

"That's that anti-Sherman act violation," Daly replied casually. "It has somethin' to do with boycottin' studio fights. I personally oppose studio boxin' due to the fact that it would eliminate the gate thereby defraudin' the fighter and his manager of the just gates that would accrue. TV people don't care what fighters get—their only interest is to sell the sponsors' products. The wolves are startin' to work already. WATV in Newark is gonna telecast the fights which they have purchased for the large sum of \$100, or thresholds, for the rights to the weekly telecasts out of Philadelphia for the Metropolitan area. The damage that will be done is this particular instance—the fighters are gettin' paid coolie wages—it will certainly knock out Sunnyside Gardens for good and that's the only small club left in the Metropolitan area. What will Julie Heland do about this? Nathan, brother, sothin'! He will continue in his smear tactics in order for him to secure his goal, a judgeship!"

Where did Frankie Carbo fit in?
"Carbo?" asked Daly. "I only know what I read in the papers. What I read is various things from Heland and people like that, supposed to be crusaders. I know Carbo personally, socially, and in my company he is nothin' but a gentleman. I think if there is anything against Carbo, there are certain authorities that are vested with the power to curb his so-called activities. He's a rather quiet guy. A fine fellow. Yeah, I go to a nightclub with him, public restaurants. I would introduce you to Carbo if we met in a public place. I believe Mr. Carbo knows or has a speakin' acquaintance with writers of all sports, whether it's horse racin', baseball, boxin' or any other. He is no stranger. He is a well-known person. I'm too old to duck anyone in public places, even if I wanted to, to hide from anyone in public places. I'm no different than a politician or anyone else tryin' to sell his wares. Politicians hold babies in their arms! They stop at nothin' durin' a campaign! They meet devious characters and the rank and file to sell their wares and get the votes; and after they get elected,



they try to preach to the streets." This amused Daly greatly, and he slumped down in the booth laughing.

How long had he known Carbo?

"I imagine I've known Carbo 20 years," Daly said, when he finished laughing. "I thought at one time he was in, uh, what the hell was that—in the orange business or something. I don't know whether he owned the citrus groves. I don't know if it was this frozen juice or what it was. His home now, I believe, is in Florida. You'll see him at the World Series. Chase suits. The big rars. You know—Swope-Nashua. Ringlike seats at the fights. Does he go to the fights? Oh, sure! I believe horse racin' is his favorite sport. He is thoroughly versed in horse racin'. He talks very intelligent about horse racin'. Is he an owner? Not that I know of. But I'm not sure. Writer: 'Not that I know of.'"

"ENOUGH ON CARBO"

Daly smiled. "You have enough on Carbo," he said with finality. "Just make sure that my opinion of the necessity of the Guild should be told. The public should be told that Mike Jacobs defrauded the fighters and managers of thousands and thousands of dollars that rightfully belonged to them. Just make sure that you don't twist it. You'd regret it."

Had he left anything out?

"No, you covered the waterfront, if that's not best" outspoken, I wouldn't know what would be. What time is it?" asked Daly. "Five-thirty? I've got to go." He got up, started putting on his hat and coat, then said he had something to add. It was his opinion of the Harry Thomas-Jim Norris story.

"I dare you to print it," Daly said with a smile. "Take this down. I absolutely don't think that Jim Norris was guilty of the charges made by a fighter, a washed-up fighter who never was great, and I believe that he was a publicity seeker no different than some of the mooks who, when a murder was committed, go in and give themselves up. Merons and cranks, that's what. Merons and cranks. I may be wrong, but that's my opinion. That won't be," said Daly with a laugh. "I'll bet you don't print that." With that, Honest Bill shook hands, walked from the restaurant, hailed a cab, got in and rode off.

(END)

* Daly's reference here is to the article *Jim Norris Is Not of This World*, *ENR*, Dec. 13, 1954. After this story appeared, Norris was featured in the press that he had threatened his lawyers to prepare a \$5 million libel suit against *ENR*. At this date, 15 months later, the suit has not yet been filed.

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VICTORY NO. 55:

by ROY TERRELL

San Francisco's accomplishments

FOR A FEW minutes of the first half the big scoreboard high on the McGraw Fieldhouse wall in Evanston, Ill. carried strong suggestions of optical illusion. Iowa 15, it said, SAN FRANCISCO 4. This was a phenomenon which left the 11,600 observers who had elbowed their way into Northwestern University's gymnasium to watch the 1956 NCAA basketball finals feeling strangely like the occupants of a car crossing the desert—the mirage was there and they could see it but they knew that as the journey progressed it would begin to shimmer and dim and finally go away—or at least it should.

They were right. In a few minutes the mirage disappeared, but long after the game was over, after San Francisco had won 51-31, after the Dons had accepted the big silver trophy which meant a second successive NCAA basketball championship, the mirage of mighty San Francisco trailing anyone by 11 points in a basketball game was still clear and sharp—an event over which to marvel. So marveling, a reporter asked Bill Russell what had happened there at the first of the game. Was he nervous?

"Nervous? No, I wasn't nervous," grinned Russell. "I was just flat scared."

AND TWO MAKES 10

Perhaps, but no one really believed it. For one thing, 6-foot 10-inch All-Americans just don't look scared very often. And for another, no one had been able to detect any trace of fear or worry or even a sense of agency in the way Bill Russell played basketball during the most impressive series of unbroken victories ever recorded by a college team: 53 in a row coming into Evanston. To find out how San Francisco did it, strangers to the process had to look no farther than the two victories last weekend which made it 55.

In the semifinals San Francisco met Southern Methodist. This was a good SMU team, one of the best in South-west Conference history and it had won 26 games against only two defeats with a mixture of accurate shooting, adequate height and superb balance. But the Dons almost made a force of

the contest. With the radarlike outside shooting of Harold Perry and Gene Brown threatening to rip the nets from the rims, and with a big 6-foot-7 sophomore named Mike Farmer left virtually unguarded while the Mustangs fell back to double-team Russell, San Francisco roared off to a 40-19 lead. This left Bill Russell with little to do except gather in most of the rebounds, but away some SMU shots, intercept a few passes and, on occasion, sneak into the air to guide back on course a stray shot by one of his teammates which threatened to miss the basket.

The final score was 56-58. "We didn't play too good a game," said Russell. "Or at least I didn't"—Farmer and Perry and the others did. But we won and that's what we came down for."

Said SMU's Doc Hayes: "San Francisco cut both Iowa [in the finals], San Francisco and any basketball team I know of, San Francisco." He added thoughtfully, "can beat the Russians."

How much of an authority the SMU coach is on international sport remains to be seen but he had the U.S. collegiate picture coming in sharp and clear. The following night, after Iowa built up its early 11-point lead, the handful of Dons out on the floor remained the five calmest individuals in the house. Methodically they wove a web around their own basket and began to riddle the defenses of the Hawkeyes; in eight minutes they were out ahead, and midway of the second half, before relaxing, the Dons led by 17 points.

Bill Russell scored 36 points. He came down with 27 rebounds. He knocked away almost a dozen Iowa shots. And he so befuddled Hawkeye Bill Logan that the 6-foot-7 center who had scored 36 points against Temple in the other semifinal abandoned all attempts at scoring from underneath the basket and finished the evening with only 12 points. The only thing that prevented Bill Russell from winning the writers' award as most valuable player in the tournament was the most outstanding shooting exhibition in NCAA playoff history, a 48-point spree by Temple's brilliant 5-foot-11 guard, Hal Lear, which helped the

END OF AN ERA

outshone even Louisville's decisive victory in the NIT



DEFYING LAW of gravity, Bill Russell stuffs in two more points against Iowa.

Owls to third place over SMU 94-81. But even so, most basketball men in the audience agreed among themselves that they would personally prefer a 4 feet 10-inch max—if he could do the things Russell could do—any old time.

Cosch Phil Woolpert, who has been sadly shaking his head for two years while others persisted in ranking his Dees as possibly the greatest team in college basketball history, finally had to admit they probably are. "This team is the finest I've ever seen," he said. "I can say that in all honesty now. It has done everything asked of it. The difference—without a doubt—was Russell."

While the object of all the discussion was thinking ahead to gaining an Olympic berth in the trials at Kansas City April 2, others were thinking even farther ahead. One of the first into the San Francisco dressing room with congratulations was a big guy who used to play quite a bit of basketball himself and is now general manager of the professional Minneapolis Lakers—and

George Mikan had a fountain pen handy, too. Meanwhile, over in the Edgewater Beach Hotel on Chicago's Lake Shore Drive, the rules committee of the National Basketball Coaches Association was paying Bill Russell perhaps his biggest tribute: in executive session they were seriously considering a new set of rules to prevent the inordinately tall and agile player from vaulting into the air and slapping the ball down into the basket. It was a problem which no one worried much about before Russell and was the coaches' way of hiding goodby to an era—and taking steps to prevent another.

The National Invitation Tournament in Madison Square Garden brought more proof that champions come tall.

Dayton, ranked No. 3 in the nation and top-seeded for the NIT, had a lineup which included 7-foot Bill Uhl and averaged 6 feet 5½ inches for the starting five. In preliminary rounds they pointed off slick little Xavier of Cincinnati 73-48 and St. Francis of Brooklyn 89-53. Louisville, No. 6 nationally and seeded second for the tournament, was a little smaller at 6 foot 4 but had in 6-foot-8 Charlie (The Moose) Tyra, a player almost the equal of Uhl in physique and reportedly superior in talent. Louisville breezed past Duquesne 84-72 and St. Joseph's of Philadelphia 89-79. Then on Saturday, before 18,000 in the Garden and a national television audience, the two big teams squared off against each other.

Before the tournament began the bookies had picked Dayton. But after watching both teams perform, they reversed their position: Louisville and Tyra, they said, was a better combination. So it proved. After a nearly even first half Louisville outpaced and outshot Dayton so badly that with almost 10 minutes still to play they had built up a 21-59 lead. The final score was 93-80.

Tyra, who scored 27 points (Uhl had 19) and grabbed 19 rebounds (Uhl had 16) was named the tournament's most valuable player. Not a Bill Russell, perhaps, but good enough. And he has another year. **CHD**

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SEBRING

continued from page 33

was thrown hard, face down, onto the track. As he lay unconscious and bleeding, nine cars ran dangerously close to him before a yellow flag went up.

As the factory cars ran a tight race out front, for the first six hours the D-Jaguar entry driven by its owner, Jack Enley, and Bob Sweikert was lost in the pack. This, however, was all according to plan. The tension bars of the Sweikert-Enley Jaguar had been adjusted to limit drift on the curves, so that Driver Sweikert, somewhat in Indianapolis style, could lose the front or back of the car a little at the right moment on curves. "We have the car the way we want it," Owner Enley announced before the race, "and now we'll settle back, run along and watch the rest of them fall apart." After seven hours, as the front runners dropped back or out completely, Sweikert had moved up to sixth. By the time he turned the car over to Enley for the three final hours of night running, he was fifth—and very happy. "The rest of the Jaguars are wearing their brakes like mad," he gloated. "We could keep running all night and tomorrow. The way to bring this in is to use no brakes and no tires. Just take it easy."

As the Sweikert-Enley Jaguar moved up, the leader, Hawthorn, nearly lost out. Coming off the last turn on the 120th lap, the fuel-injection Jaguar ran out of gas, and Hawthorn barely made it to the pit. His pit stop took a costly two minutes and 45 seconds. Fangio's Ferrari cleared its pit in less than two minutes, so the lead went over to the Ferrari.

The only other factory Jaguar in contention went out with faulty wiring, so the race was now between the Hawthorn Jaguar and the two remaining Ferraris, while the surprising Sweikert-Enley Jaguar moved up to fourth. Just before the end of the 16th hour, Hawthorn again took over in the Jaguar from co-driver Desmond Titterton. It was the Ferrari plan for Castellotti to bring the leading Ferrari in so Fangio could take over in the last hour.

But it was not necessary. After five laps, the Hawthorn Jaguar came rearing back up the pit lane. Hawthorn bounded over the pit rails. "The brake pedal. I got through the halfpin turn and the pedal kicked on me." The Jaguar's brakes were gone. The crew groped with the problem for 15 minutes while the two Ferraris rode by four times, then gave it up as a lost

cause. "Well, everybody's had it," said Team Manager Lofty England, "we might as well start loading junk in the lorry."

For the last hour the night air was filled with the splatting of backfires as drivers de-accelerated 200 and 300 yards from the curves to save what little brakes they might have. Only 24 cars finished the 12 hours. The Sweikert-Enley Jaguar came in third, behind the two factory Ferraris; John Fitch's Chevrolet Corvette, after a steady, well-driven race, came in a creditable ninth. The winners, Fangio and Castellotti, averaged 84 mph in setting a new record of 1,008.8 miles.

"My only worry was the brakes," said Fangio. "We were trying to burn the Jaguars up, and we succeeded, no?"

He had indeed, with one exception. The Sweikert-Enley D-Jaguar had enough brakes left for 12 hours more. After the race was over, Bob Sweikert sought out Fangio, and the two had a long conversation. The gist of it: an invitation from Fangio to Sweikert to come to Kueper for some more sports car races this summer; an invitation from Sweikert to Fangio to come to Indianapolis and drive a Sweikert-entered D-A Lubricant Special. Light-foot Fangio and Leadfoot Sweikert both agreed to think it over.

THE RESULTS AT SEBRING

ORDER OF FINISH	CAR	CLASS	DRIVERS	LAPS	AVERAGE SPEED
OVERALL PERFORMANCE					
1	Ferrari (works)	C	Fangio, Castellotti	161	84.806
2	Ferrari (works)	C	Musco, Schell	162	83.2
3	Jaguar	C	Sweikert, Enley	160	81.416
4	Adon Martin (works)	D	Saladino, Shelby	186	50.6
5	Werner's (works)	D	Berlin, Latham	186	50.6
6	Porsche (works)	F	Bernstein, von Trips	187	18.888
7	Porsche	J	McAfee, Lovely	179	17.558
8	Jaguar	C	Mink, Gonzalez	176	16.758
9	Corvette (works)	B	Fitch, Hagan	176	16.258
10	Ferrari	E	Palmer, Pinsky	177	14.533
11	Austin-Healey	D	Salts, Huxton	168	72.8
12	Jaguar	G	Cunningham, Bennett	168	72.8
13	Arnold-Bridol (works)	E	Bullinger, Stewart	158	68.488
14	Porsche	F	Marshall, Broadidge	158	68.488
15	Corvette (works)	C	Cornford, Goldman	158	68.488
16	Deutch-Bonnet (works)	H	Armstrong, Blacader	155	61.166
17	Arnold-Bridol (works)	B	Beynon, Peterson	154	66.733
18	A. C. ACE	E	Grazzi, Woodbury	154	66.733
19	MG (works)	F	Kuchlin, Spiller	151	65.433
20	MG (works)	F	Ash, Elman	151	65.433
21	Cadair (works)	G	Cusack, Wyse	147	61.7
22	MG (works)	F	BBN, Van Duyl	139	60.250
23	Corvette (works)	C	David, Gutz	138	58.833
24	Lotus	G	Wylie, Wylie	99	42.9

INDEX OF PERFORMANCE		CLASS	INDEX	DRIVERS
1	Porsche (works)	F	1.347	Bernstein, von Trips
2	Porsche	F	1.325	McAfee, Lovely
3	Ferrari (works)	C	1.310	Fangio, Castellotti

CAR	CLASS	DRIVERS
Corvette (works)	B	Fitch, Hagan
Ferrari (works)	C	Fangio, Castellotti
Adon Martin (works)	D	Saladino, Shelby
Ferrari	J	Berlin, Latham
Porsche (works)	F	Bernstein, von Trips
Cooper (works)	G	Cusack, Wyse
Beech-Bonnet (works)	H	Armstrong, Blacader

CAR	CLASS	DRIVERS
Corvette (works)	B	Cornford, Goldman
Jaguar	C	Sweikert, Enley
Arnold-Bridol (works)	F	Bullinger, Stewart
Porsche (works)	G	Bernstein, von Trips



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THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY ED ZERN AND TOM LINEAWEAVER

Based on regular weekly dispatches from 88 bureaus and special correspondents in the U.S., Canada, Mexico and overseas; and on reports from fish and game commissions of the 48 states and Alaska.

A House Committee stokes the refuge fire,
a northwestern airline gets skunked,
South Carolina may be lionized and
nature gets out of balance in Yellowstone

REFUGE WRANGLE (CGR)

WHEN Conservationist Ira N. Gabelson and Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay tangled over the question of oil and gas leases on National Wildlife Refuges (SL March 19), a vital problem received much-needed airing. Now, after hearings, the House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee composed of 17 Democrats and 12 Republicans has issued a unanimous report which strongly backs Dr. Gabelson's contention that Interior's recent moves to grant oil and gas leases within wildlife refuges were "a long backward step in the cause of conservation."

The committee notes that although under the Mineral Leasing Act of 1920 the Secretary of the Interior has always had the right to issue such leases, only 11 were allowed up to August 31, 1953. On that date Secretary McKay suspended further leasing until new regulations for the protection of wildlife could be written. Yet between the "stop order" and December 2, 1955 when the new regulations went into effect, 60 new leases were actually granted. As the committee put it: "Such increased activity in the issuance of leases . . . can only result in serious damage to the wildlife refuge system in this country. . . . The new regulations fall far short of providing the degree of protection to the refuges which the activities of recent years prove to be necessary."

"Superficially," the committee report continues, "these regulations appear to give a veto power to the Fish and Wildlife Service. However, under applicable laws, oil and gas leasing in wildlife lands is a matter solely within the discretion of the Secretary of the Interior. Consequently, the veto power exists only so long as, and to the extent that, the Secretary permits the regulations to control. The hearings clearly demonstrated the necessity for some legislative check on the authority to make disposals which might lessen the value of wildlife refuges for conservation purposes."

Uncertain how the " requisite con-

trol should be exercised," the committee meanwhile announced an "experimental" arrangement between it and Secretary McKay whereby he would notify the committee at least 60 days in advance of any intention to allow gas or oil interests within a refuge. The committee could then register its approval or disapproval of the contemplated action.

"If this arrangement does not work out satisfactorily," the report states bluntly, "the committee intends to reconsider the problem, as well as alternative solutions thereto, including the enactment of appropriate legislation."

The report further called attention to "extreme administrative confusion" within the Fish and Wildlife Service, "incredible" lack of liaison between Fish and Wildlife administrators and field workers and what it considered "the necessity for change either in personnel or organization."

Conservationists can find much to cheer in the committee's bipartisan report, but their battle is far from won.

STAR- SPANGLED SKUNK

NORTH CENTRAL Airlines, which serves many northwestern states, has had a high rate of wildlife problems, including an unexpectedly odoriferous one. Recently a skunk sauntered into Central's office at Hibbing, Minnesota and settled down for what threatened to be a lengthy visit. Manager Charles M. Cox promptly and logically evacuated his headquarters and paced up and down in mounting frustration. Passengers were arriving, an overhead flight was insistently demanding a report on field conditions, and the skunk was in undisputed command. About the time airline operations lapsed into a state of total confusion, Hibbing's station WMFG started its morning broadcast. The Star-Spangled Banner blared from the office radio, the skunk roared out the door, and the airline's day, if not the nation's dignity, was saved.

DIXIE LIONST

PELLA CONGAREE, better known as cougar, panther, catamount, puma

or just plain mountain lion, once inhabited a lot of territory where it is now thought to be extinct. Yet reports of its presence still persist in some of these areas, and South Carolina is one of them.

Last week, for instance, the wives of two plantation owners were riding along a road near Congaree swamp, 10 miles south of Columbia, when they spotted a pair of animals "big as Chesapeake retrievers, tawny-colored and with tails dragging the ground." Both women know bebats, insist what they saw must be "panthers." The following day a pack of cat hounds were put into the Congaree area and ran something for 12 hours before giving up. During the chase a field hand, unaware of the panther report, claims that "a big brown cat with a long tail came across the field with the dogs about 100 yards behind it."

To bolster the women's story there



AIRBORNE TROUT

Trout fry, 25,000 of them, shower down a plane into Mountain Lake, Orem Island, Wash. This method is used widely to stock inaccessible areas in many states.

are statements by swamp hunters over the past year which tell of finding tracks twice the size of any bobcat's.

Skeptics, meanwhile, are holding out for a carcass.

REDUCTION IN FORCE

*** YELLOWSTONE**
National Park af-
fords a fundamen-
tal example of

what happens when nature is thrown out of balance. Recently it became apparent that 12,600 elk were many more than Yellowstone's browse could support. The animals stripped hillsides of grass and small trees. Rain washed the unsupported earth, streams became silted, erosion set in. With too many elk and too little range, wildlife officials had no alternative but to reduce the herd. Hunters outside park limits were permitted to kill almost 4,000 animals. Park rangers harvested some 2,000 more, and 445 were trapped to restock depleted elk ranges in Montana and New Mexico. Yellowstone elk now fit their range. They may increase again. The size of their range never will.

FISH BOX

Among last week's notable catches: a 19-pound 12-ounce STEELHEAD caught in the Skagit River near Mt. Vernon by Mike Cook, age 6, after a one-hour tussle. A spey-cast steelhead, with four fish to his credit in this season, Mike was unimpaired except by his grandfather, Mrs. C. L. Cook, who held on to his shirttails lest the rampaging rainbow haul him into the fast-running river; as 11-pound 2-ounce LARGemouth bass caught at Center Hill Lake's Indian Creek by Louis C. Parrell, of Madison, Tenn.; a 9-pound 2-ounce BROWNIE caught by K. K. Knickerbocker of Charlottesville, Va., who also took 72 other bonefish with fly and spinning tackle in four days of fishing the flats of Andros Island in the Bahamas; a 33-pound STRIPED bass caught in the surf at Virginia Beach, Va. by Maurice Dismore of Lynnhaven, Va.; a 473-pound GIANT SEA bass caught off the Elysia Dock at Bilini Atoll in the Marshall Islands by Servicemen Robert Schuck and Pitta Jayner, using a specially looped hook attached to an airplane cable leader and an 890-pound-test nylon line; a 36-pound SKIPPED bass caught by George Hebel of Knightbridge, Calif., near Fran's Resort; a 136-pound YELLOW-PERCH caught by George Goodell of Grandville, Conn., fishing out of Tavernier, Fla.; a 90-pound STEELHEAD caught by Vance Rogers of Tacoma, Wash. in the Cowlitz River near Konomi; a 914-pound LARGemouth bass caught at Tennessee's Carter Hill Lake by Walker Barnes of Winchester, Ky.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

SD—season opened on month;
SC—season closed in month;
C—clear water; **D**—water dry or only **M**—water muddy **N**—water at normal height **SH**—slightly high **H**—high **VH**—very high **L**—low **R**—rising **F**—falling **WTS6**—water temperature 50° **FG**—fishing good; **FF**—fishing fair; **FP**—fishing poor **OG**—outlet; **OF**—outlet fair; **OP**—outlet poor

TROUT: CALIFORNIA: NO April 1 for Tejon Lake on California-Nevada border and OG in lake is almost full and weather is warm.

NEVADA: Walker Lake continues to produce outdoor trout, but in spottier water than June; OH and improving.

IDAHO: FG along middle fork of Salmon with fresh steelhead on getting best results; outlook is doubtful as pulling snow was raising stream level at press time.

NEBRASKA: Anglers still swarming at Bennett Spring and doing nicely with live bait. Water is L and C, catfish a crockpot. Minnack State Park is providing consistent catches of trout in 13 inches on flies and OG.

NEBRASKA: When SO April 7, state will have planted 234,000 legal trout in public waters and will stock some snappers during season. Forecast is for high, cold or discolored streams and slow sport even for moments on opening weekend.

CHANNEL BASIN: NORTH CAROLINA: Huge schools of roffish have been sighted in vicinity of Pamlico Sound attack by allures on remote missions recently, and big roffish are still turning up in local pond pens; OG for some surf action and select trolling on second or 14 day of east-southwest wind due on Sunday.

FLORIDA: Keys are very busy Sunday and two thirds caught 300 pounds of channel bass off Florida last week; largest was 18½ pounds.

WALLEYE PINE: INDIANA: FF and OF in most provincial waters, top spots are Lake Tangumun north of North Bay, and Lake Pouspe, west of Sedgwick.

TEXAS: Carroll Earl of Childersburg took 14½-pound walleye last week; this is heaviest of species reported in several years.

STEELHEAD TROUT: WASHINGTON: FF generally in rainy rain; nearly every stream H and D, but good runs are not in most rivers, and OG; when they clear, Guide books on upper Skagit still doing fairly well on drifts from Rockport to Sedro Woolley. Major River mostly and is making Skagit below Junction. Cold weather needed in river headwaters and Skagit for good fishing before SO April 15. (Many streams closed March 31, and careful study of regulations is advised.)

OREGON: OEF for rest of season as warm rains and snow runoff have raised rivers above fishable level and increased some park in history channels were flooding.

SPARK: WEISS RIVER FG, main Salmon still FFD, with best reports from stretch above French Creek; a few fish bring taken near town of Salmon. Flying anglers using Flying B. Katcher and report H, on Canyon Creek in Trifurca Area, Big Creek starting to produce and should be at peak about April 15.

SMITH COLUMBIA: Ruffell has started at lower levels; Quigley, Corvick, Caplan and other mainland streams H and D but clearing, and say may still want bring live run of fish into Columbia and George. In general OGF if you don't mind waiting for fish and spawners.

BONEFISH: BARBARA ISLAND: FG and OG for fly and spin fishermen on fish in the north end of Andros Island on fish fish.

BLACK BASS: TEXAS: Channel Lake at Laredo producing 4- and 5-pounders on surface

plugs; Whitney, Cudde and Black lakes report FFD; with shaples running lakes, but Medina, Truett and Highland Chain lakes are slow, and CG.

FLORIDA: FG all over state despite low water. In northern Florida Central Lake is best lake yet, but W. W. Lake River is running over-washed. Bass is still needed to improve fishing in all fresh waters.

TEXAS: FF-F at Twin/Turkey Lake but CG; L on southern rivers. Despite dingy water at Dale Hollow, fishing was generally good last week; you had in catch a bass over 4 pounds to get much attention and 5-pounders were not unusual.

NORTH CAROLINA: Asynchronous start hitting in fresh-water ponds of Nags Head area and river tributaries of fresh-water sounds in northwestern part of state, consensus of reports is that they have more value of last fall but no serious damage to black bass population where it resounded on fresh waters.

NORTH CAROLINA: High winds, cold water and ready water slowed fishing last week but a few diehards made fair catches with spoons at Kenner-Cropper and Lake Murray.

ARIZONA: Lower Colorado River inflow from Mohave Dam has caused a number of fish to die early on bait; worse weather and cold water makes OGF.

ONTARIO: Following Quebec's lead, Ontario may lift the Channel state limit on black bass. Quebec has announced open season on bass in all lakes north and south of the St. Lawrence and south of the Ottawa River.

STRIPED BASS: CALIFORNIA: Heavy rain of 18- to 25-ponders hit during peak last week; the Napa River yielded a long list of good-to-excellent catches; San Pablo Bay and San Joaquin rivers were still hot at press time; in general OGF.

NORTH CAROLINA: Although trawlers are taking big bass in rivers and bays and some big fish are being reported in salt waters by recreational fishermen, water bodies open again on fish have yet take bait or lure in salt, and OF.

NEW JERSEY: Best striped bass and fishing still confined to stretch between Island Beach and Seaside Park, with some fair fishing in Toms River and Haverhill. Best sport is a river in deep hole off the golf course, almost within limits of town of Toms River; most fish run between 4 and 15 pounds. FF in Delaware Bay, with run in Cape May still hot day time.

KINGFISH: FLORIDA: Migrating kings are abundant from Suwannee to Tarpon Springs, with bulk of catches from five to ten miles off the Keys and wind too strong for small boats on most days. Best results are had by slow-trotting spoons in river rivers to 10, and fish average 10 pounds; biggest king of week was 37½-pounder weighed in at Dunedin dock. Some big kings are also reported in Keys area, with top fish a 48-pounder.

TARPON: FLORIDA: Bridge fishermen along Overseas Highway taking tarpon from Jewell Creek south, and OF. In upper Myakka River, east of Venice, baby tarpon found in small streams will take ordinary snail, bassball fished on light fly rod and provide fun fun.

TRAP: First tarpon of season, a 37-lb-er, reported at Tarpon Springs, and a 30-lb-er caught off Port Antonio and Fawn Island, and pure fishermen have had a few strikes, but so far nobody has caught any.

WHAFFISH: TEXAS: OH all along coast as water gets warmer and fish get hungrier. Laguna Madre weekly averaging over a pound with frequent schools of 3- to 5-pounders reported. Best fishing is in the upper reaches of the Outer Bayou report FG and OG. Port Isabel and lower Laguna Madre are other good prospects as late water up.

LOUISIANA: "If weather ever settles down," complains Lake Pontchartrain angler, "fishing should be terrific." Meanwhile, FFD.

PACIFIC SALMON: CALIFORNIA: Trollers report best sport of season from Monterey to Guadalupe (the latter stretch is best); weights picking up, especially near Santa Cruz where 20- to 25-pounders are not unusual. Still fishermen but big school has been taken from Capitola and Moss Landing, and OGF through rising week if weather stays nice.

THE THREAT TO BIG GAME IN AFRICA

Is it doomed to extinction? Here is an on-the-spot report of game conditions on the last great hunting ground

by HORACE S. MAZET

I STOOD under the hot, direct sun near Ikoma in the big game country of Tanganyika less than six months ago and listened to an assistant game warden tell our photographic safari that he feared for the future of his job. It was only a question of a few years, so he said, before all big game would be gone from the plains of East Africa.

It was a shocking disclosure, and difficult to believe. But what I learned there, and subsequently elsewhere, indicates that a disaster is overtaking wild life in central Africa, and that unless something is done immediately to check it, big game will vanish just as completely and thoroughly as the bison have disappeared from our own western plains. And this within a space of perhaps ten years!

For months during the past summer and fall I interviewed experts in various parts of Equatorial Africa. There is no encouragement in their statements for sportsmen and lovers of wild life. The situation is compounded of governmental apathy, insufficient staffing and financing of game departments, ineffectual penalties assessed on convicted game poachers, unwise use of grazing lands, indifference to depopulation of cover with resultant erosion, growing encroachments of civilization and agriculture, and politics.

Legal hunting by sportsmen from all over the world on big-game safaris is a relatively insignificant factor. However, because such hunting is an important source of revenue to Kenya and Tanganyika, there is hope for some improvement in the present grim picture; wild life is the main attraction bringing tourists to East Africa. Tourists spend more than £8 million (\$8.5 million) per year in Kenya alone, or more than the revenue derived from all exports except coffee and sisal. Big game hunting is glamorous—true; but in 1953 only 120 hunting licenses were issued in Kenya for the entire year.

"Africa without big game is about as fascinating as yesterday's cold dishwater," said famed White Hunter Harry Selby to me not long ago, and I agree. There is agitation to save the game, but little action. I have just returned from more than seven months in Africa filming authentic wildlife backgrounds and traveling on safari 11,000 miles. Without big game, Equatorial Africa will draw as many sportsmen and photographers as most parts of South

Africa—almost none—because wild life there has been ruthlessly exterminated.

The Chief Game Warden of Kenya spent two hours explaining the dire necessity of establishing adequate national parks and adjacent reserves so that game will have some place to go. It is now being driven into the hinterland and there destroyed.

"If the game once vanishes, it never comes back," said Donald Ker of Nairobi, veteran safari white hunter of 27 years' experience. "Parks, adequately staffed, must be a big part of the program or we shall never put an end to the frightful poaching. Game is now on the way to total extinction in British East Africa. It isn't the hunters from overseas. It's policy—and the people themselves. Why, in one native camp not long ago I found and confiscated 490 severed wildebeest tails gathered by poachers to be sold as fly whisks. The animals, of course, had been left to die for the lions and hyenas of Tanganyika." I asked him how long it would take, at the present rate, for big game to disappear. He replied, "Ten years at the most—perhaps five."

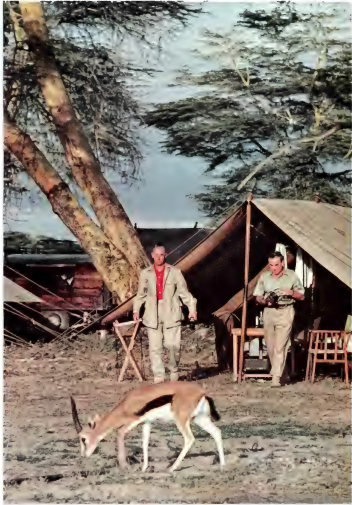
Syd Downey, honorary game warden, veteran white hunter and member of the firm of Ker & Downey, Ltd., told me, "Africa is the last stand of big game in the world.

"Kenya's game areas are being reduced partly by the

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"ZOO PARADES" TV SAFARI

As any youngster watching Zoo Parade on television can tell you, catching big game animals alive makes shooting safaris by comparison seem positively dull. To get the exciting film currently being shown on the Zoo Parade program, Marlin Perkins, originator of the show and director of the Lincoln Park Zoo in Chicago, took a team of technicians to Africa on a game-catching safari. From the moment they set up their tents (right) there was hardly an uneventful day, including a surprise reunion with an elephant (see page 58) and a tail-tagging session with a zebra (see page 58). But as the color photographs by Arthur Shlay on the following pages show, safari life in Africa now has all the comforts of home—including a hot bath if you want one.





MOMENT OF METEAL FRONT CLASH IN SAVANNA ENCOUNTER WITH ONE-TONKED ELEPHANT. AS JEEP SMASHED TO A STOP, THE ELEPHANT FLED.

FIELD MEAL is prepared by white-capped chef who formerly worked on a Portuguese freighter. Despite primitive facilities, the meals were excellent.



BREAKFAST CONFERENCE And, the producer, Don Most, held a breakfast briefing with Don and Wally Riddell.





LAURETTE GETS A BATH. SHE PROUDLY DROPPED SOME OF THE WATER FROM HER HEAD FROM FINGER OF A VERY KNOBBLY GIRAFFE NEIGHBOR.

TV Critic John Caskey, Author Peter T. Amos and Photographer Muel Dierckx on plane for the day's hunting.

LAURETTE SERVICE was provided by hunters, who washed clothes in river water. Here Barbara Harris supervising pressing of her back jacket.





MAHMOUD KANGU ZEBRA carries on its fight for freedom, even though two men are hanging on to its tail and another two cling

to its head. More difficult to catch than a giraffe, a full-grown zebra like this one can sell for about \$300 in the zoo market.

DAILEE BATH IS A YOUNG ACTRESS WHO ENJOYED RE-ENACTING IN THE TANGANYIKA DISTRICT



THREAT TO AFRICAN GAME

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inevitable advance of civilization and by hunting, but principally by the African with his vast herds of stock. I'm speaking about overgrazing, which forces the game which has always lived there to retreat in search of its requirements elsewhere.

"You hear people say, 'The game must look after itself.' This ridiculous statement is proof that those who make it are unaware that nature alone can decide how many head of various types of animals can live in a specified area. If more than the ecological maximum are forced into this area by having nowhere else to go, it will be to the detriment of all, with the obvious result—the disappearance of game.

"In Uganda, next door to us, the main factors against wild life preservation are oversettlement, increasing population and the activities of those who, in spite of many failures, still believe that the only way to eradicate the tsetse fly is first to eliminate game. Time and time again this method has been opposed on scientific grounds, regrettably without result. It is worthy to note that most of Rhodesia's game has been slaughtered for this reason, but Rhodesia still has the tsetse fly. In fact, the elimination of game has caused the fly to spread to areas where it was previously unknown. Will others never learn from this costly lesson?"

POISON ARROW STILL USED

"In Tanganyika by far the greatest menace to game is the illegal poacher with his muzzle-loading gun, his poison arrows, his pitfalls and wire snares. Other factors contributing to the decrease of game here are the shortage of Game Department staff, due to the government's miserly attitude, hunting parties and, as in Kenya, the enormous increase in grazing cattle.

"In my opinion, the governments of Kenya and Tanganyika in particular must evince a greater measure of interest and more real support for our priceless wildlife. Public opinion should, if necessary, force these governments to realize that their responsibilities do not end with the creation of national parks and game departments. National parks are valueless unless they really are what the name implies, i.e., preserves in which fauna and flora suffer in no way from the interests of human inhabitants, if any."

Another prime factor operating against the prevalence of game is the supposedly outlawed poison arrow.

Each tribe has its own concoction and all are highly toxic, deadly to humans if not immediately treated. There is no known antidote. Governmental prohibitions against killing game with poison arrows go unheeded. "These are our tribal defense weapons," cry the natives. "We need them to protect ourselves." And while one native is jailed for having such arrows in his possession, his tribesmen are busily making twice as many more to put him back in business when he is released.

Game slaughter continues, if not by poison and muzzle-loader then by pits and nooses, even down to the stupid wildebeest, whose tail switch is as prized as a fly whisk because it brings

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Harold Maest of Balboa Island, Calif., is a free-lance writer who has just come back from an extended photographic safari in Africa. It was while searching for big game animals to photograph that Maest became aware of the plight we face as the world's last great hunting ground. In response to the pleas of African game lovers who want the situation known in the U.S., he compiled this firsthand report on present game conditions.

the hunter 15 to 20 shillings (\$2.84) each, a small fortune to most Africans. The big, lumbering wildebeest seems doomed like our American bison. Along with it will go the rest of the ungulates and ruminants.

Hundreds of crocodiles have been killed by hunters, both legally and illegally, along the shores of Lake Victoria and Lake Nyasa; until now it is a rare sight to find them. Hippos are being hunted for their meat and fat.

Too many poaching kills are made not for food, but for the illegal meat and trophy market. It has been estimated that about a quarter of a million head of game are poached every year in the lake province of Tanganyika alone! Many of these animals die a horrible death. They are speared and tortured in nooses and snares—some of them made from steel cable tied to trees to catch large animals such as zebras, wildebeests, topis, kongonis, elands and roan antelopes. The Serengeti Plains and the great open areas of Tanganyika adjacent to the park itself are focal points for thousands of poachers belonging to different tribes. In one camp Donald Ker discovered, 10 natives had killed more than 500

animals of many species in a fortnight.

A profitable meat trade has been built up illegally through this slaughter system, and the government of Tanganyika lacks adequate supervisory force to put a stop to it. A friend just in from safari in this area told me, "The wardens know where these poachers operate, but they are afraid to venture into those areas. The poachers aren't fooling."

My friend Harry L. Tension of Fort Worth, Texas told me in Nairobi on his return from 7 weeks' hunting in Tanganyika last December that poachers shot at his gun bearers, and every animal the safari encountered was in agony from musket ball wounds. Eight elephants were legally killed by the six hunters in Tension's party, and each big animal bore at least two old shot wounds. Three elephants charged the party, though not molested, and had to be killed. It is well known that a wounded elephant will charge without provocation. One buffalo, shot by Tension, bore a musket ball deeply embedded in its back and was wildly charging anything that moved, animal or human.

The Tension party frequently came across well-concealed trail pits. When the covering brush was cleared away, the party saw that the pit bottoms some 15 feet below were studded with razor-pointed stakes. Thereafter every inch of their way along game trails had to be scrutinized for trip wires laid about two feet from the ground. When touched, the wire released from an overhead branch a poisoned arrow weighted by a 100-pound log. "The average American who comes to East Africa to hunt," Harry told me, "leaves his home for three months and travels 10,000 miles and spends up to \$5,000. But he will not be coming much longer if tighter control over poachers is not forthcoming."

ILLEGAL TROPHY MARKETS

In Kenya, gateway to big game hunting, the poaching situation is similar. In the country between the Tana and Athi rivers, the bush still abounds with elephants, rhinos, leopards and lions, as well as the industrious Wakamba tribesmen and their herds of cattle. Here is one of the worst areas of Kenya for poaching, as it is close to the coast where Arab and Indian are ready to purchase meat, ivory and rhino horn without asking questions. Unluckily, almost all animals except the caribou eaters have some commercial value. Lion manes are greatly prized

continued on next page

THREAT TO AFRICAN GAME

continued from page 11

among many tribes for headresses, and Asian traders who are energetic in disposing of poachers' trophies provide a ready market for the high-priced leopard skins, zebra hides and even colorful monkey skins, hippo ivory, elephant tusks and wildebeest tails.

In Uganda, that country embracing the northern shores of Lake Victoria, the hunter cannot expect to find game outside the National Park except for northern elephants. I find the following is notes I wrote to the studio last August: "Elephants are growing in numbers, but Uganda koba, lions and

driven farther back in their game refuge by commercial encroachments.

"Of course," Temple-Perkins added, "there are steps to take before the game disappears altogether, and I wish you would tell your friends in America so that perhaps an aroused public opinion will produce some result—perhaps save some game for posterity. It's the only way out now, actually."

"What would you suggest be done?" I asked.

"First," he said promptly, "an ample protective staff must be provided for the Game and Parks Department,

lated in the Congo. The Government must regulate native hunting, or all game will be destroyed some day. More colonialization is bringing more problems but there is little danger of game extinction at present in the Congo."

I did not tell the doctor that I had just driven a lorry across the Congo from East to West and back, and in seven weeks saw—outside the big Parc National Albert—just two meadow deer. No crocodiles, no hippos, no elephants, no antelopes—just two tiny deer. No danger of game extinction? It has already arrived.

A friend drove through Angola last November and then commented: "The game is gone from southern Angola. Officially only 40 giant sable antelopes remain alive. The natives illegally set fire to the dry forest, ring it except for a narrow strip, then lie up to kill any animal driven out by the flames. I saw one area of about 10 square miles which had been set aside, and from it came seven elephants. All were shot dead."

IF ELEPHANTS COULD LAUGH

It's the same story at Bangui, French Equatorial Africa, says a sportsman-missionary, the Rev. Bob Farthing: "In 1939 I killed antelopes in my own front yard when they pillaged my garden. Now I have to travel 112 miles north of here before reaching the nearest hunting grounds for buffaloes and elephants in the thick, thorny bush they like. Elephants are increasing in numbers, it is true, but they have retreated to the uninhabited regions and such animal reserves as Koukourou and Bamingui Bangoran. And they are plenty smart, let me tell you. One side of the track will be legal hunting, the other a game reserve. When the animals see you coming they hurry across from the free hunting side to the reserve side and watch you. If elephants could laugh I'd swear they are doing just that—they know you are trailing them and cross the reserve when you draw near!"

"In this same area unscrupulous European hunters are slaughtering game in a sort of frenzied attempt to obtain meat and trophies before all the wild life is gone. During the last war we almost accomplished it here—soldiers stationed in this country actually used machine guns on antelopes.

"Then too, there are those who poach for ivory. Often a group of them will set grass fires, resulting in considerable game slaughter. I've seen the change, believe me. Back in 1944 near N'Dele you couldn't count the game. Now you can drive for 300 miles and



HANGMAN'S NET of multiple snares set 15 inches apart for 200 yards is typical of the many cruel and illegal devices being used by native poachers to decimate African game.

leopards are almost gone. The same is true of crocodiles and hippos, so ruthlessly have they been hunted for profit. If you want to see big game, don't come here."

My friend, E. A. Temple-Perkins, at various times Provincial Commissioner of all four provinces of the Uganda Protectorate and also District Commissioner of several districts, who has spent 37 years in colonial administration and long ago became famous as a hunter of elephants, is another who has witnessed the disappearance of African game. From his home on the high escarpment overlooking the vast game reserve adjacent to Queen Elizabeth National Park and the Kazinga Channel, he can keep an eye on the big elephant herds wandering between the channel and the forest below. In the past two years, he says, the hippo population of the channel has been sadly depleted, and the big elephant herds are being harassed and

and they must properly supervise their domain. This will do much toward elimination of poaching, which is much more serious than you think.

"Secondly, all animal retreats, such as forests for hot weather, must be rigidly preserved.

"Then thirdly, there must be a reduction of heads permitted each holder of a hunting license."

At Stanleyville on the Congo River Dr. Theodore Ellis, Chief Provincial Veterinarian, said of the game situation: "The causes for the decline in numbers of game are steady population increase, and more travel and work by natives because of the progress of European civilization here. Wild animals cannot begin to supply sufficient food, and the Government is trying to foster cattle-raising to replace game. It is more productive and more economical.

"Natives are permitted game and they carelessly shoot the females; this is not good. Game hunting is not regu-

see hardly any. Oh, the northwest corner of French Equatorial is still full of game, but it requires 15 days of the most arduous walking through the bush to reach it. There are no roads, and a jolly good thing, too.

"One sign of game conservation is the new protection for rhinos. But it is merely a straw in the wind. In eight or 10 years hunting here will be finished. Meanwhile the Game Commission limits the bag. At present on the Grande Chasse a hunter can, for approximately \$100, shoot 4 elephants, 24 buffaloes, 2 hippos, 4 meudons, 3 antelopes, 2 greater kudus, 1 cheetah, 1 giraffe, 18 horned antelopes and 2 Derby's elands, plus a handful of smaller animals. What more could a man want? But he'll have to hurry. As I say, another ten years will see the finish of game in Africa."

VICTIMS OF PROGRESS

But there is one place where big game is as abundant as ever: Gorongosa National Park in Portuguese East Africa (Mozambique). On a tour of this park with its Chief Ranger, Alfredo Rodriguez, we saw herds of zebras, elands and antelopes, cape buffaloes and elephants, sable antelopes and impalas, wildebeests, waterbucks and numberless marsh birds. The rivers are cluttered with hippos and crocodiles, and the elephants not only grow to enormous size, but they resent close approach and will charge.

Outside the park on a three-hour fight looking for game, we spotted herds of up to 3,000 buffaloes, and many a herd of from 10 to 50 elephants. Portuguese East Africa has game, but only because it is so difficult to reach; the hunter there finds rudimentary safari accommodations, and the game is widely scattered. But if he persists, he will find it. It is the last stronghold of big game in the world today, but already the handwriting is on the wall. Another 10 years and most of it will have been driven into the blue by the ruthless hunter, the poacher, the jeep and the airplane with its avid foreign sportsmen, by the ever-increasing population which has just begun to spread out from the coast and by the lack of game elsewhere.

The dream of all hunters is a big-game safari in Africa. To achieve any success now they will have to go even farther into the hinterland, but they will go. And the game then has no place to hide. Like the bison in America, it seems inevitable that Africa's animals must fall as sad victims to the progress of civilization. **END**

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THE NEW AND OLD



PAISLEY JACKET of English cotton (Lionel, \$39.95) and solid-color madras hat shaped like one of Lord Byron's (Lee, 45) are worn at the Palm Beach yacht basin. Both will be at George Stinchfield's, Nantucket or Edgarcrow, Mass., after June 1.

STRIPED CREW SOX (F.A. MacClare, \$1.25), worn with white slacks (Palm Beach, \$12.50) and saddle oxfords (Field & Felt, \$26.95), come in nine color combinations. Two-toned shoes, as well as two-toned socks, are also staging a comeback.

FLORIDA—particularly Palm Beach during the December to April season—has become a traditional testing ground for new summer sports clothes for men. There, under this past winter's sun, two significant trends were obvious—the sparest one of the Orient (\$1, Jan. 23) and the nostalgic one of revived classics. They will probably make this the most colorful year yet for American men. The Oriental patterns most in evidence were handsome Paisley prints, lively madras plaids and stripes and hand-woven Indian cottons of brilliant hue. They are even more colorful than the Italian-inspired stripes which have dominated American men's sportswear for the past several seasons. Equally noteworthy are the revivals of old American favorites. White trousers, in disrepute since the hard-to-care-for flannels of the '50s went their way, are back in blends of easy-to-care-for synthetic fabrics. The striped crew sock, worn with either walking shorts or white slacks, is back again. And knickers, in much slimmer versions than the plus fours worn by such well-known golfers as Bing Crosby (\$1, Jan. 23) and Gene Sarazen (who has worn them since the '20s), are such a hit that the men's shops across the country are stocking them. Double-breasted blazers are new again, as well, in a much slimmer version than the old American board room model.





PAISLEY-PATTERNED TRUNKS (Glen, \$11.50, also available at Miami Beach's Lullwater Country Club, are made of fine English cotton colored like treasuries to a gracefully long.



VARI-STRIPED BELT (King's Ltd., Barlede, Fla., \$2.50) is of a hand-woven Indian cotton that is also showing up in various other ways in Joseph's-couture jackets and sport shirts.

COLORFULLY PRINTED SHIRTS (White-Sag, \$6.90) is another of the many examples of Oriental-inspired clothing seen at southern resorts this year. Shirt has elbow-length sleeves.



SHORT-SLEEVED JACKET (Garden of Philadelphia, \$21.50), worn at the Everglades Club in Palm Beach, is designed specifically for wear with shorts. It is an inch and a half shorter than average jacket, has one-button closure, side vents. Linenlike jacket comes in red, yellow and blue (Whitehouse & Hardy, N.Y.).



SLICK SHIRT (Hathaway, \$32.50) is most luxurious version of this year's most popular sportswear fabric—rayon. No two shirts made of this hand-woven Indian cloth, available here for the first time in silk, are alike.



PAINFUL SPORT SHIRT (Peelien, \$15) was designed by Schiaparelli. The distinctive camera-like pattern has long been a popular Oriental motif. Here it is worn at the Surf Club, one of Miami Beach's oldest private clubs.

DOUBLE-BREASTED BLAZER (Grisco) of navy Maytagell linen is available to order, Paul Stuart, N.Y. (\$60). Striped cotton trousers (Corbin, \$12.50) and red madras shirt (Westport Countryman, \$8.95) complete the outfit.

THE NEW AND OLD

continued from page 48

The most interesting revival of a season of revivals is the knickerbocker. Actually, it never died but simply faded for a while. The British country gentleman and the Alpine mountaineer wear them as uniforms. The Duke of Windsor never stopped wearing them. Skiers are taking them up again in ever-increasing numbers, with water-proof Norwegian socks. (The first ski pants were knickers.) Now that they're in trimmer models than the old plus four (from four-inch overhang at the knee), they're as comfortable as, and more handsome than, walking shorts on the golf course; and more practical than slacks, which collect wet grass in the cuffs and flap in the wind. For cool days, they will be in lightweight wools; for warm weather, in Dacron and cotton cords and linen. Another trouser also seems due for a comeback this summer—the striped one, as worn with the double-breasted navy blue blazer on the opposite page, either in cotton or in a blend of Dacron and cotton.



BACK-AND-FORTH BLAZER is one of the newest of many-striped blazers on this year's art and sun-fair scene. This one is made of back toweling in either brown or gray stripes (White Stag, \$17.95).



KNICKERS worn at Everglades Club in Palm Beach are of Dacron and cotton cord. They have two pleats and buckle beneath the knee (Saks Fifth Avenue Men's Shops, \$16.50). Cable-knit socks are by 3pod (\$3.95).



ESPAÑOLILLAS, very much like the popular ones imported from Italy and Spain, have the added advantage of a rubber sole instead of rope, which makes them more practical for beating (U.S. Rubber Co., \$5.50).



COMPLETELY SUBMERGED, AL WIGGINS BEGINS BREASTSTROKE



KICKING LEGS OUT BEHIND, HE THRUSTS HIS POWERFUL ARMS FORWARD

OHIO'S SUBMARINE SPRINTER

Al Wiggins shows the winning look on an old stroke

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COLLE PRINCEY

THE TOP SWIMMERS in the U.S. have given the old-fashioned breaststroke a new look. Submerging at first only between strokes, racers discovered through the years that by staying completely under, they could cut seconds from their times. Few racers have had more success with the technique than Al Wiggins (see cover), the best all-round swimmer in the U.S., and the man Ohio State is counting on in its



SWEEPING ARMS DOWNWARD AND BACK, HE REINFORCES THE POWER STROKE



ARMS AT SIDES, HE GUIDES BEFORE STARTING NEXT STROKE

defense of the NCAA swimming title at New Haven, March 29-31.

Underwater racing is only the latest of Wiggins' extraordinary list of achievements. At the beginning of the current season, he already held two world records in the surface-thrashing butterfly. He was second in the world in the backstroke, a freestyler of championship caliber, and American record holder in the 150-y and individual med-

ley, which combines all three strokes.

This year officials lengthened the medley by 50 yards by adding the breaststroke. So Wiggins, who had never tried the stroke before, went underwater and posted another record in the four-stroke event.

At New Haven, Ohio State will need every point its versatile star can produce. Coach Mike Peppe has calculated that his Buckeyes need 72 points

to gain even a tie with the powerful Yale squad, which, says Peppe, is so strong in the freestyle sprint that "they could start a relay and keep it going round the world." Peppe concedes, however, that his own superb diver should offset Yale's advantages. After that, it is largely up to Wiggins. NCAA rules limit a competitor to only three events. Otherwise, Peppe says, "I could use Al in 10 of the 14 events."

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In the Florida Derby a wonderfully dramatic run
showed why more and more racing fans are saying:

'THAT'S NEEDLES!'

by WHITNEY TOWER

AN HOUR before last Saturday's rich (\$145,000) Florida Derby for 3-year-olds at Gulfstream Park, Ben Jones, the senior trainer for Calumet Farm, was sitting pensively in his box studying the past performances of the 12 horses who would shortly appear to oppose his two-horse entry of Pintor Lea and Fabius. "You know," he said, "this has been built up into being quite a race, but there's something wrong with it when you run 3-year-olds in a stake of this size at this time of year under allowance conditions. It seems to me that when you're giving away nearly \$100,000 to the winner, it's nothing but a joke if you don't give the money to the best horse. Now, mind you, I don't think Calumet has the best horses—not right now anyway—but today you've got horses scaled from 122 to 127 pounds and it's just not right. The way to tell the best horse is to run 'em at equal weights." Ben Jones took another solemn look at figures and came to a serious conclusion. "Disregarding weights, the best horse is Needles. I think he should win and I think he will win."

A few boxes away Needles' owners, Bessie Heath and Jackson Dudley, an oil engineer from Oklahoma and a former Texas rodeo hand who was taken into buying Needles for \$20,000, were as chipper as a couple of wild-catters who have struck it rich with their first well. "It looks like a good day to me," said Dudley, surveying a scene in front of him which at that moment included a band concert, a sailboat race on the infield lake and an eye-catching exhibition of water skiing. "Needles is ready, and we're all in a routin' mood."

Needles, obviously, had no knowledge of the many compliments being showered upon him last Saturday, but when he started to run he turned in a performance which certainly ranks as one of the finest of the whole winter season. He won the Florida Derby, just as Ben Jones said he would, and in doing it he set a track record of 1:48 3/8

for the mile and an eighth—nearly a second faster than he negotiated the same distance while winning last month's Flamingo at Hialeah.

Needles is a horse who, if he hasn't already done so, is going to capture the fancy of American racing fans simply because he runs his races in such a wonderfully dramatic fashion. He was dead last at the start, next to last after a quarter of a mile, and had only two horses beaten after going half a mile. Then, after Jockey Dave Erb took him the overland route on the far turn, he shot to ninth place, and he was fourth going into the stretch before he unleashed his superb run which, just as it had in the Flamingo, bowled over everything in his path. True, he was in with 117 pounds, thanks to the Florida rule of giving a five-pound allowance in stake races to horsebred horses, but there were few in the crowd of 24,191 who didn't clearly feel that the best horse had won.

It isn't fair to classify a race such as the Florida Derby as a "peep" for the Kentucky Derby, but somehow it is

THE ROAD TO THE DERBY

MARCH 12 Arkansas Derby at Oaklawn Park. 1 1/8 miles. \$10,000.

APRIL 7 Experimental Free Handicap, Jamaica. 6 furlongs. \$20,000.

APRIL 11 The Goshawk, Jamaica. 1 1/16 miles. \$25,000.

APRIL 14 Governor's Gold Cup, Bowie. 6 furlongs. \$30,000.

APRIL 15 Wood Memorial, Jamaica. 1 1/8 miles. \$30,000.

APRIL 21 Chicago Stakes, Laurel. 1 1/16 miles. \$20,000.

APRIL 25 California Derby, Tanforan. 1 1/8 miles. \$35,000.

APRIL 31 Blue Grass Stakes, Keeneland. 1 1/8 miles. \$25,000.

APRIL 31 The Swift, Jamaica. 6 furlongs. \$25,000.

MAY 3 Derby Trial, Churchill Downs. 1 mile. \$10,000.

MAY 4 Kentucky Derby, Churchill Downs. 1 1/4 miles. \$125,000.



IN ROBERT RIGGS'S DRAWING, DAVE ERB IS UP ON NEEDLES IN D. & H. STABLE'S SPANISH GLEN

a sort of barometer or gauge of what to expect in the next few important weeks, and as such the barometer registered a few rather important surprises. One, for example, came in the form of the second horse, an invader from California named Count Chic. Another major surprise was the disappointing performance of the Rex Ellsworth entry of Like Magic and Terrang (81, March 12), who finished seventh and 13th respectively. Terrang had won the Santa Anita Derby with Like Magic fourth and Count Chic fifth; and the Florida Derby, according to Trainer Miah Tenney, was to determine to a large extent whether or not the Ellsworth colts would be represented in Kentucky this May.

Of course the victory of Needles (who has now earned \$338,603 while winning eight of 13 starts in two seasons) was about the best that has happened at Gulfstream in a long time. This was the track on which he ran—and won—for the first time in his career a year ago and, long before the Florida Derby, Trainer Fontaine had said he would almost rather win the Florida Derby with a Florida-bred horse than the Kentucky Derby with any horse. Now that his major wish has been fulfilled, Fontaine expects to move with extreme caution. The son of Pender (who won the 1949 Kentucky Derby with exactly the same sort of stretch run as Needles made Saturday) will ship to Louisville in a few weeks and won't start again until the Kentucky Derby on the afternoon of May 5th.

Some of his contemporaries who hope to build up their prestige between now and then will get none of this easy life. This week most of them who haven't already left Florida will head either for Kentucky, Maryland or New York to engage in the remaining preparatory stakes (see opposite page) in an effort to earn tickets to Louisville. And when they reach Churchill Downs they'll find Needles ready and waiting. With him will be 33-year-old Jockey Dave Erb, who has come to the happy conclusion that he's got himself a pretty nice 1956 assignment. "Needles," says Erb, "is the most intelligent horse I've ever been on. I hear people say he's a little sour. Well, all I know is that if you call the way he ran Saturday and in the Flamingo sour, I hope he's sour every time I see him."

There is a lot to be said for Ben Jones's critics of the allowance conditions prevailing in the Florida Derby, and Gulfstream Director of Racing Horace Wade has decided that management may be wrong after all.

"We realize our mistake, too," said Wade, "and we're going to change the conditions of the race next year. We'll require all horses to carry 122 pounds, except I still feel that horses who have never won a stake should be allowed some concession, so those in that category will be let in at 118 pounds. And as for the five-pound Florida-bred allowance, it seems pretty certain that the state will write that regulation off its books once and for all." (E H)

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A MODEST PROPOSAL

Sirs:

The life and times of Milla Natchoskiki pose an interesting problem. The problem is not that of Milla herself—it seems to me that she is as well off as a Czech before as she is as a New York nightclub boomer—but that of our response to what by now is a well-documented situation: state training and support of satellite and U.S.S.R. athletes.

We could, of course, bid the A.A.U. another ideal adieu and provide our star athletes with a bigger-and-better-than-Russian system of endowed athletes. But the trouble is, then, we would be doing this to spite the Soviet Union and to flatter our own chauvinistic impulses, rather than for the sake of athletes. And that has proven to be a dangerous experiment. The great flaw of the Russian system is that athletes are used for a purpose other than recreation and the ideal of achieving excellence.

Here is my modest proposal. I suggest that a group of wealthy citizens, interested in the value of sport, form a body with the purpose of persuading some of our great foundations, such as the Rockefeller, Ford, Commonwealth, Markle, etc., etc., groups, to establish jointly a national sports program designed to produce excellence in sports the way we now have programs to produce excellence in medical training, historical research and contemporary affairs.

I do not believe that such a proposal would win the bodies of the late Ales, Rockefeller, Barkness and Markle to spinning in their graves. Athletics are a pretty fine thing and through the centuries have been an enabling influence on Man.

GEORGE BRAMMAN

Ossau, Maine

PARADISE IN PERU

Sirs:

Your Cabo Blanco story (32, March 13) was terrific, for that is truly a fisherman's paradise. I spent a holiday there in March of 1964 with two of my sons. Our youngest boy, Wilfred, then 15, caught the largest black marlin ever caught by a boy of his age in the world. It weighed 770 pounds

and was boated in 30 minutes. It was also an experience for me to catch a 715-pound marlin at these fabulous grounds.

G. HAROLD WAGNER

Mt. Carmel, Conn.

THE MEASURE OF GREATNESS

Sirs:

Somewhere in trafficking between racetracks and mundry race tracks this writer acquired the naive idea that even a super-bowling-golf at even money or low balls the possibility on any given day of getting whipped.

The latest example of this is Nubian's somewhat dismal showing in Florida (32, March 26) which is even having repercussions at this distant point. Thank heaven the people most directly concerned took his shuffling in good grace as winners their masters:

"That's horse racing. I just hope we get another chance." Jim Fitzsimmons, trainer.

"We'll race him all year, or as long as the handicappers let him." Leslie Combs II, head of owning-and-bred.

The last remark of course is the all-important one, because it is within Mr. Combs' jurisdiction to keep this line home on the turf and chance further losses, which naturally would reduce his value at stud, or retire him now. How good it was to have this fine example of sportsmanship rather than to listen, for example, to Sam Riddle's walls of anguish for years after Man o' War's defeat by Uppel. As Mr. Hal Price Headly often states, "You don't win them in the barn." You've got to try and be tried.

The measure of a horse's greatness is largely in the animal himself but, being without means of expression other than his ability to run at certain times and places and at other times slower than his confederates, it is the men surrounding him who put their money, knowledge, work, love and affection into bringing out the very best that is in him. In Nubian's case, both with his former owner and with his present ones, he seems to have been surrounded by what, for want of better words, could be stated as a certain fitness.

THOMAS P. TUCKER

Ossau,

OLD GOLDSIDES (CONT.)

Sirs:

The pictured Arctostele-Secrets Onasid, yacht (32, Feb. 27) resembles a Canadian frigate with extended bow which is referred to as a destroyer escort.

Would you kindly publish the former name of this Canadian war vessel?

STAN V. WRIGHT

Victoria, B.C.

• The Onasid yacht was at one time the Canadian frigate *Stercor*. Performing the same duties as a destroyer escort, the *Stercor* saw service in North Atlantic, Arctic and European waters. She destroyed 18 drifting mines, helped sink at least three submarines and came under fire from a German shore battery. The *Stercor* was decommissioned in 1945 and seven years later was taken to Kiel, Germany, where she was converted into Onasid's yacht.—E.D.

WARDEN'S DILEMMA

Sirs:

In THE OUTDOOR WIRE, March 12 you describe the dilemma of a game warden who faces a murder charge for shooting a man whom he suspected of having an illegal firearm, after supposedly being threatened by him. I have gazed and asked from Maine to Florida, and it is my opinion that wardens are given too much authority. True, there are some tough cookies running our hunting areas, but there are plenty of ways of apprehending them without shooting them. Within the past two years there have been several instances of unjustified severity in the New England area. One of our wardens was fired for embarrassing a hunter who refused to show him his license because this warden did not bother to identify himself as a game enforcement officer. Another wounded a young boy in shooting at a car which contained hunters he suspected of jacking deer.

HARRY C. BUNN

St. Dunbar, Mass.

continued on next page

MR. CAPER

by AJAY



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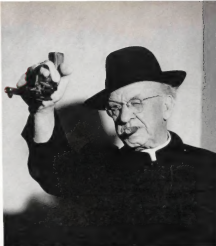
PAT ON THE BACK

FATHER OSWALD McGINN

One of the nation's better trick shots is Father Oswald T. McGinn, a 77-year-old Roman Catholic priest now in retirement at San Antonio, Texas. His favorite trick is splitting a bullet balanced on top of a razor blade. Advises Father McGinn: "Shooting is a matter of coordination between sight, judgment and muscular reaction. When you're on sight, squeeze the trigger."

LIEUT. WILLIAM VENDL

A Lieutenant j.g. in the Coast Guard, Bill Vendl, 34, is aiming for the modern pentathlon in the Olympics. The pentathlon consists of pistol shooting, steeplechase riding, 4,000-meter run, 300-meter swim and fencing with épée. Bill, All-America honorable mention in swimming at Eastern Kentucky, does all his training (except for the steeplechase) aboard the cutter Mackinac.



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